Are We Right to Demand Sanctions?--By John Si

new Masses

JANUARY 7, 1936

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Germany's Al Capone

An Inside View of the Nazi Extortion System

By JOHN L. SPIVAK

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New Masses

JANUARY 7, 1936

Hearst's Gangsterism

HEARST is of course not the only evil influence active in American life today, but he has attained such an eminence in the propagation of evil that whenever any particularly nasty mess occurs it is pretty safe practice to begin the hunt for the culprit with a good long look in the direction of California's favorite exile. This has been true for more than a third of a century. When McKinley was shot, Hearst was "the man who had to hide," because his attacks on McKinley had taken on very much the character of direct incitement to assassination. Now his latest exploit consists of helping drive the Lindberghs out of the country. The New York Post has never done a better piece of work than pinning this job on Hearst. In tones of nauseating grief, Hearst has been bemoaning the departure of the Lindberghs, blaming it on the presence in America of "cranks, criminals and Communists." The Post on Dec. 27 revealed that the Lindberghs left because of Hearst.

THE NEW YORK TIMES had been first to report that the Lindberghs were outward bound. Its story gave as one reason this incident:

> . . . As Jon was being taken by automobile from his school to his home, a large car containing several men came close alongside and crowded the car containing the lad to the curb, forcing it to stop.
>
> Men jumped down. A teacher accompanying the little child clutched him tightly. Suddenly cameras were thrust into the child's face and clicked. Then the visitors jumped into their machine and sped away, leaving a badly frightened teacher and little boy.
>
> Since then Jon had not been to school.

The whole affair was staged exactly like a kidnaping attempt. The Post now reveals that the men in the car were Hearst photographers. Col. Lindbergh regretted he hadn't been present, with the pistol he carries, so that he could have taken "appropriate action." Hearst spread his stolen picture far and wide, exulting in a scoop—and the Lindberghs decided to leave the country. No doubt it was a profitable job for the Hearst's film business. In a way it is a good thing for the country too, now that it has been identified as one of the immediate reasons for the Lindbergh's flight. The expose combines a sharp revelation of the revolting methods that competitive business—capitalist newspaper enterprises included—are driven to in the eternal hunt for profits, together with a good hard smack right between the eyes of the premier Red-baiter in the country. The only people who will not appreciate it are Hearst's circulation managers, for the boycott of Hearst papers and magazines will undoubtedly take on fresh impetus.

HEIL, HEIL, THE GANG'S ALL HERE! *Russe*

The Klan W

THE murder of Joseph in Tampa, Florida, ha nation-wide protest. Wher first occurred, THE NEW ferred to it in an article, and the Norman Case." cooperated with the mob. Klan waited. . . . Shoemak ably not live." Not onl maker's death occur sever but investigation proved t received full cooperation o police department—who w of the Klan. Yet Floric backed by the press, whi the unpleasant publicity from the Shoemaker ca tention of giving up Kl

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ıd murder that goes with it. Th Lakeland News:

nerican Legion, Parent Teacher ations, the Ku Klux Klan and every fraternal organization has a bjective, a determination to keep it of America and discourage Com- . . . . Naturally, it [THE NEW S] attacks the Klan because the oes not participate in public discus- arguments and because the Klan o unload such troubles upon and credit for 90 percent of beatings aps of that kind because it furnishes guilty people a good alibi, but it found that the Klan is not that organization. . . . It is all right lerant, but there is a limit to what rd means. . . .

with the cooperation of la- se organizations, with the sup- liberal and religious groups, ght such pressure on Tampa s that not only have six po- een arrested and charged with ut members of the Klan have aigned. Pressure must con- l the guilty have been tried hed. For this time the Klan's as a little too careless; and there is a determined United forward the prosecution and terrorists to justice.

The Frazier Bill

N Congress reconvenes this k, the Red baiters have a string of bills designed to ree speech, free assembly, the s of the so-called "guaran- iberty in the Constitution. ıtion is Hearst's, the Liberty nd the reactionaries' recipe pitalist crisis—by instituting ures. But other legislation ced before Congress, legis- e interests of the broad mass , small farmers and the mid- Last year Congress side- Lundeen Social Security Bill 27) in favor of the mean- al Security Act which pro- ensation for only a few e year and for only a small lost wages—limited, more- se now employed and from s a payroll tax is deducted. real insurance that will give rtial security to the vast ıemployed, to the sick and independent professionals, small business owners, n J. Frazier of North Dakota has pledged himself to introduce a comprehensive "Workers' Social Insurance Bill" in the coming session. The supporters of the Lundeen Bill should back this proposed legislation; added to this, trade unions, worker organizations of all types have become increasingly aware of the necessity for such legislation and are daily announcing their support.

THE Frazier Bill, embracing six systems of social insurance, augments rather than supplants the Lundeen Bill. It incorporates the salient features of the formerly proposed legislation and adds important sections to it; in Senator Frazier's words, it "embodies the same principles but clarifies them in the light of present needs." While including provisions for unemployment insurance, disability, old-age, maternity, widows' and mothers' insurance, it adds the important item of self-employment insurance which "for the first time recognizes the needs of the self-employed farmers, owners of small businesses and professional workers. . . . It covers the whole period of unemployment for all workers, including farmers, with a benefit equal to average wages in the occupation in the community." Thus, it provides for a maximum and minimum compensation (the minimum being $10 a week plus $3 for each dependent); a clause specifying no discrimination; a provision in the declaration of policy calling for establishing the system uniformly throughout the nation; immediate operation; compensation for loss of income and costs to be a primary charge on national wealth and additional costs to be derived from high incomes, corporate surpluses and other accumulated wealth; and it "should not be placed directly, by payroll taxes, or indirectly, by sales taxes, upon the workers of the United States whose standard of living Congress hereby seeks to protect."

SUCH legislation is of the utmost importance. In it, the Townsendites will find everything their program calls for in provisions for government responsibility to the unemployed and the aged, and much more. Workers receive protection and a modicum of security so vital to them. Professionals and members of the middle class become eligible for insurance. And for the first time, farmers are given assurance of protection. The Frazier Bill can only become a law if the widest pressure is brought on all Congressmen and Senators from the broadest majority of their constituency. It depends not only on political promises made during campaigns before election. It depends on the widest demand of the American people to force this legislation through a Congress dominated both by New Deal reformism and the manufacturer's lobbies which with the support of the Liberty League is fighting in the interests of reaction.

Laval Gets His Warning

THE slender majority of twenty votes by which the French government escaped overthrow on December 28 indicates that unless Laval is prepared to go a long way towards meeting the views of the Left majority on foreign relations, the days of his Cabinet are numbered. It also shows, on the other hand—what has been said in these columns before—that until the new elections have given them a clear mandate, the parties of the Front Populaire are not planning to form a Ministry of their own immediately. This being the case, a number of Left deputies—adherents of Herriot and other Radical Socialist members of the coalition—have preferred to let Laval off with a warning rather than precipitate a ministerial crisis which could only be resolved now by another transition government. For these reasons it is at least possible that Laval may be continued in office for yet awhile. But the revelation of the Hoare-Laval plan of offering Mussolini on a silver platter a huge reward for his aggression has aroused the French working and middle classes against the government. In the next few days, Laval will have to make up his mind whether he is to go on catering to the fascists and pro-fascists at home or bow to popular pressure and thereby help put teeth into the League's sanctions against Mussolini.

Brazilian Leaders in Danger

EVER since the second day of the recent anti-imperialist revolt in Brazil, the Vargas government has been putting out statements to the effect that "conditions in the country are normal," and these statements have been dutifully reproduced in the American capitalist press. In flat contradiction to the government's own statements have been its arrest of all the oppositionist elements in sight, even to the Socialist

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-ancisco Frola, (inaccurately described the Brazilian police as a Commu-:) and several feminist leaders; its ssage of a new, unconstitutional Na-onal Security Act even more drastic han the famous Lei Monstro ("Monstrous Law") of last spring; and the pressure it has brought to bear on Uruguay to break off diplomatic relations with Soviet Russia, pressure which got results on December 27.

ONE illuminating item was allowed to creep through the censorship when a dispatch on December 7 reported that partisan bands were still operating in the interior of the state of Rio Grande do Norte. Aside from such operations, the extent of which is not known, we may accept the view that the active phase of the revolt has passed, and it becomes of the highest importance to evaluate the significance of the revolt as a whole and its relation to the international working-class movement. The Brazilian government has been engaged in a controversy with The New York Times' correspondent at Buenos Aires, John W. White, relative to the responsibility for the uprising. The government has maintained that the revolt was Communist-inspired, and even gave the name of the alleged Soviet dictator dispatched from Moscow to take charge when the revolt should have succeeded. White has pointed out correctly that many non-Communists were supporting the National Liberation Alliance, generally believed to have been at the back of the uprising. It is known that the Alliance, a broad federation of all anti-imperialist elements including the Socialist and Communist Parties, has been appealing latterly not only to the urban workers of all parties and to the small bourgeoisie, but even to the Catholic masses and the poor Catholic clergy. But White falls into an opposite error when he states that Luis Carlos Prestes, a leader of the Alliance, is not a Communist. Prestes led a liberal-democratic military revolt in 1924, was forced to leave the country and negotiated secretly with Getulio Vargas in 1930 when the latter was planning the coup that eventually installed him, Vargas, as dictator. During all this period Prestes was a non-Communist, though he had visited the Soviet Union shortly before 1930. If he had thrown in his lot with Vargas, Prestes might at this time be in a high government post, as his colleague Joao Alberto and others still are. Instead, Prestes broke with Vargas and soon after announced that he had joined the Communist Party. He has swung with him a considerable part of the large group that supported him in his 1924 stand.

THE Communist movement Brazil is neither as extensive as th government pretends in its effort tc justify its reign of terror, nor as in-significant as White and others wou have us believe. It is working ceas-lessly among the masses and will c day emerge as their leader against th exploiting band of foreigners whos< tool Getulio Vargas has always beer Meanwhile the hundreds of liberals anc radicals who have been rounded up continue in the gravest danger. Th< Brazilian Ambassador, Oswaldo Aranha on December 14, assured the Nationa Committee for the Defense of Politica Prisoners that none of those arreste< in Brazil would be tried by court mar tial. The statement hardly commands credence, in view of the fact that since it was made, a state of war has bee declared in Brazil. A wide movemen for amnesty of all those still held ir connection with the recent revolt shoul immediately be launched in the Unit< States. It should be continued wit unrelaxed vigilance until the last ant imperialist sees the prison gates op< before him.

La Guardia's Bugles

WITH dramatic fanfare Mayor La Guardia outlawed the racket-eering in artichokes from New York. Fiorello stood in the Bronx Market during the wee morning hours, while two policemen bugled assembly, and read the decree prohibiting "the sale, display and possession of artichok known to the trade as 'small a chokes' in all public markets under control and jurisdiction of the City New York." The public pays tri-ute to racketeers on everything it eats Racketeers kept the price of holi day turkey at 35 cents a pound butter and bacon at 40 cents. No on< objects to an honest war against rack eteers, but La Guardia chose a littl luxury as unknown to the great major ity of New Yorkers as dainty little oys ter crabs. La Guardia did not go after the profiteers in meat, when the Jewish housewives in their recent strike against the high price of kosher meat, gav him an obvious opportunity to do so La Guardia's fuss and horsefeathers about small artichokes merely mask the half-heartedness of his most rece attempts to clean out the swarms racketeers and gangsters in New Y. City, whether they be in foodstuffs industry.

New Masses

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Victory for the Guild

A FEW members of the American Newspaper Guild still balk at their organization's militancy. They clamor for "peace"—they want to act in a "gentlemanly" manner in labor disputes. But the majority of members have learned that resolute action is after all the only effective weapon for trade unions, including a trade union of newspaper workers. The editorial staff of The Amsterdam News proved that conclusively. It took three long months to do it, but in the end there is no doubt that it was the militancy of the strikers that won a complete victory.

About a year and a half ago, the Guild established a unit at The Amsterdam News, a small Negro weekly in Harlem. Mrs. Sadie Warren Davis, the majority stockholder, strenuously opposed unionization. Her first reaction was to threaten those members of the editorial staff who had the temerity to join. She intimated that she would fire the whole staff, that she would prevent them from getting other jobs. But the union grew—until it included everyone in the editorial department. Threats had no effect, except on the editor of sports and theater, who hurriedly resigned from the union.

Last August The Amsterdam News unit went to the city office of the Guild with the request that this body negotiate a collective-bargaining agreement with Mrs. Davis. Mrs. Davis stated that she would not see any representative of the Guild. When a Citizens' Committee which included such figures as Frank Crosswaithe of the Negro Labor Committee; James H. Watson, municipal justice; Elmer Carter, editor of Opportunity; Arthur Schomburg, curator of the New York Public Library, called on Mrs. Davis and asked her to meet the Guild, she flatly refused. She had no immediate economic stake in the negotiations: the unit did not ask for increased wages or shorter hours (they already had a forty-hour, five-day week). But they did demand union recognition, vacations, improved working conditions.

Mrs. Davis is a stubborn woman. When she received, from trade unions throughout New York, resolutions calling upon her to negotiate, she flew off the handle and promptly dismissed the whole editorial staff of eighteen. Then, turning round, she offered jobs to three of those discharged—who accepted and went back into the editorial department to scab, along with the theater and sports editor who since his first defection had spent a great deal of energy ingratiating himself with Mrs. Davis.

Thereupon, the fight of the fifteen began, for reinstatement and union recognition. It had important implications—which the Newspaper Guild did not overlook. Immediately, the lockout was turned into a strike, the first time in America that Negro employes resisted a Negro employer. The Guild had boasted of the non-discrimination clause in its constitution; here was a chance to prove that it would support a strike of Negro workers with the same energy it had displayed in Newark and Loraine. For the strike could be won only if it were backed by a broad United Front of trade-unions and sympathizers.

That is what happened. Morning and night, Guild members from all over the city, trade unionists, liberals, Socialists and Communists picketed The Amsterdam News. Police terror, wholesale arrests (there were thirty-six during the strike, but not a single conviction) could not prevent the mass picket lines, the continual march of black and white workers before the office of The Amsterdam News. Mrs. Davis would stand at the doorway of the office, watching the steady line, stubborn in her determination to let the paper fail before she would give in. In three weeks circulation dropped from 25,000 to 9,000. Forty-eight hours after Mrs. Davis proclaimed the lockout, she received over 6,000 protests. The New York City Central Trade and Labor Council endorsed the strike; the Negro Labor Committee, including over one hundred A.F. of L. unions with Negro membership, cooperated.

Mrs. Davis, faced with falling circulation, reduced the price of The Amsterdam News from ten cents to five. Circulation rose slightly, but advertising continued to drop until ninety-eight percent of the local advertisers left the paper. Mrs. Davis, desperate, attempted to break the opposition by vituperation, printing long anti-R editorials and when this failed, harping on the race question. Resist the "white invaders," she urged, the white workers giving aid to the strikers. Though sentiment in Harlem against white imperialism had reached its height because of the Italian invasion of Ethiopia, no one fell for the race incitement. When everything else had failed, Mrs. Davis resorted to violence: a thug attacked a girl picket and Mrs. Davis herself rushed out of the office and belabored a picket with her fists. Still the line marched up and down in front of The News.

When the printer's bill could no longer be met and The Amsterdam News had been forced into bankruptcy, Dr. C. R. Powell and Dr. P. M. H. Savory offered the receiver approximately $50,000 for the paper. They also offered a strike settlement — it was now obvious that The Amsterdam News could not remain in business so long as the strikers' demands were not met. The new owners reinstated all strikers and dismissed all scabs and strikebreakers. The editorial staff received a ten-percent wage increase, and a contract providing for vacations, better working conditions, a grievance committee, severance notices, plus a minimum wage agreement with the added provision of time off for overtime and sick leave. The Amsterdam News became a closed shop. The Newspaper Guild had won its first complete strike victory.

The fifteen strikers have returned to work. Advertisers who refused to patronize The News during the lockout appear once more in its columns. But the victory has even more important aspects than the reinstatement of courageous and determined workers or the rebuilding of a newspaper. It serves as an example of the power of the United Front in labor disputes.

Throughout the United States, similar struggles occur day by day. The victory in Harlem again points to the necessity for a Labor Party. The United Front won Herndon his liber . The United Front won the Amst dam News strike. The United Fro t can win the basic demands of the American people through a Labor Party.

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The Theater

Principles of "Educational" Theater

MOTHER, a play by Bert Brecht with music by Hanns Eisler, was recently produced as the fifth offering of the Theater Union.

In the late 1920s Brecht introduced the *Lehrstueck* and revolutionized the German theater; Eisler's mass-songs made him the foremost proletarian composer of Central Europe. Now Eisler is "the most forbidden composer in the world"; Brecht is the most popular "underground" writer in Hitler's Reich.

Both men started out with a German upper-middle-class background and academic training. Both became artists with a scientific approach and a practical psychology. Eisler drew his political, and hence his artistic, conclusions from the war. He found that the twelve-tone system devised by his teacher, Arnold Schoenberg, was like a wall at the end of a centuries-old road in music; and he turned from the Schoenbergian *Sprechstimme* ("Speech-singing") to the voice of the masses. Almost fifteen years ago a strike in Leipzig was kept going by a house-to-house serenade with a song by young Hanns Eisler; and when Hitler came to loot Germany, there were records and sheet-music by the thousand of Eisler's mass-songs to be smashed and burned. In Brecht's case, his artistic development brought about his political education. He began as a "thinker," but later he wanted to write an educational drama about wheat and his investigation of the wheat industry inevitably took him "from Hegel to Marx." That road logically led out of Germany, on the morning after the Reichstag fire. (Early this year a pamphlet by Brecht, "Five Difficulties in Writing the Truth," was published; and now he has been expatriated "because of low-mindedness.")

Fundamentally Brecht and Eisler are teachers. What can we learn from them?

Brecht's first play, *Drums in the Night,* won the Kleist Prize for drama given by the German State but it was a satire on the petty-bourgeois liberalism that took credit for the revolution of 1918 and its literary glorification. Neither the vague idealism nor the naturalistic and expressionistic dramaturgies that dominated the German theater at the time seemed practical to Brecht. He wanted to work out "small models for the stage" to show how people could live and act better. He also wanted to write good plays: but for him how "good" a play was depended on its use to the audience, not on its value to the author. Gaining practical experience as régisseur at Max Reinhardt's famous Deutsches Theater, Brecht undertook a scientific research of the world's dramatic literature and systematically wrote copies of Greek, Elizabethan, Spanish and Chinese plays. He found the Chinese "static" drama the most nearly related to his own conception; and the Aristotelian drama, the basis of our western dramatics, the most antithetical. The object of the Greek drama is to make the spectator identify himself with the character and "go through" his experiences. Brecht's educational drama is in direct contrast to this; he calls it the "non-Aristotelian drama" and its methods of production the "epic theater" or "narrative theater" (for the way in which we read a book, thinking things over, is the way we are to see these plays). The object of the drama of education is to make the spectator compare himself—not identify himself—with the characters, to make him observe them as an interested outsider. Significantly, the most fully-developed and popular form of this new dramaturgy is called "study-play" (*Lehrstueck,* literally, "teaching-play").

The emotional excitement that is always present in the theater is of course not ignored; but it is minimized and used not to obscure but to clarify the intelligence. Whereas the old theater tries to get below the level of the mind and to use brute emotional force on our subconsciousness, the epic theater tries to make our own reason awaken and direct our emotions. The difference in emphasis and method is dictated by the difference in purpose. The theater of entertainment, though provoking a show of excitement, really keeps us passive; the theater of education wants us to remain as calm and collected as possible, in order that we may be ready for the ultimate action. Brecht calls the theater we know it "the trance thea[ter]" and the methods employed to obtain an [effect] everywhere the same—whether w[ater is] turned into wine or you or I become [Ham]let—and they are the methods of hypnotism: suggestion on the part of the hypnotizer, imitation on the part of the subject. In Shakespeare's drama, the spectator "becomes" Hamlet, or feels *as if* he did; in Brecht's adaptation of Shakespeare (he has adapted *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* for the radio), the spectator remains himself and really "sees" Hamlet. When he leaves the theater, he is no longer Hamlet—the illusion has gone; he is still the man who criticized Hamlet with the strength of his own experience of life and thus widened his knowledge. The drama has become an object-lesson.

The chief agent in any theater is of course the actor. In the ordinary theater, he is both medium and hypnotizer. It is he who [first] identifies himself with the character. He acts *as if* he were Hamlet: that is, he goes through the motions of what Hamlet does. "Fascinated" by a performance, seeing the gestures that "impress" us, we subconsciously copy them; and doing what Hamlet does we become "absorbed" in him. In the epic theater, on the other hand, the actor does not identify himself with the character but interprets him, both as actor and as critic. He shows the way he does what the character does, and "suggests" what he himself thinks about it. (The "power of suggestion" is used here too; but there is a difference between a seance and a debate.) He is a kind of narrator and his method changes according to the requirements of the story he has to tell. Sometimes he only reports a background of action (as in the strike-scene of *Mother*) or gives an undisguised explanation of a character. (Where

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...y things have to be ex- ... here the actor can walk ... "I am John Smith, an ...wo years old.") Sometimes ...mself with a character, thus ... "inside," subjective viewpoint. ... he comments in the very process ...going through" a scene, sometimes he acts ...ut precisely: but even then he always re- ...ts for purposes of illustration, rather ... acting as though it were taking place ... and there. In the drama as object-lesson, ...ctor becomes the illustrator; his motions ... point to the talk.

...he first production of the epic theater, in ...8, was *The Three-Penny Opera*, adapted ...John Gay's eighteenth-century musical ...edy by Brecht, with music by Kurt Weill ... rarely equaled "satiric" success. At about ... same time Piscator made his celebrated ...duction of *The Good Soldier Schwejk*, ...dapted for him by Brecht; and the two ... who had "revolutionized" the German ...ater were widely acclaimed. The produc- ...n of *Mother* in 1931, however was sup- ...ssed after seven weeks of success with the ... working-public and the still-democratic ...geois audiences; and Brecht's *Saint Joan ...e Stockyards*, an example of the spec- tacle-play in the epic theater, which was ... cepted by many theaters in 1932, was f... bidden even before it appeared.

The big Berlin music week of 1930 brought the premiere of *The Standard* (*Die Massnahme*), a study-play for workers' choruses with text by Bert Brecht and music by Hanns Eisler. This work, which might be called a "platform-opera," was the first that carried the principles and methods of the epic theater into the operatic field on a grand scale. In the study-play, as in our "agit-prop" play, it is always the lesson that occupies "the center of the stage"; but the form can be adapted to any field of production, dramatic or musical or musical-dramatic, to schools, movies, radio as well as the theater. For the epic theater not only uses all the arts much more than the ordinary theater does, but it combines various forms of production that we have been accustomed to keep separate (we do not even refer to opera as "the theater"). This breaking down of old barriers is perhaps its most "upsetting" aspect for the public. And in contrast to the fusion of the arts that has been attempted by our musical theater—most ambitiously and confusedly in Wagnerian opera—the new synthesis, is based on a "dissociation of elements." In the theater with which we are familiar, a particular production is dominated entirely by one art; the other arts are subordinate, used merely to support it and unable, usually, to exist by themselves. In the epic theater all the arts are considered of equal importance and are used as independent elements; their relative importance changes as the production demands. To use Eisler's simile, a musical-dramatic study-play is like a piece of counterpoint, in which separate melodies make individual tunes, but harmonize and balance one another so that they form a larger, better composition. "What dominates is the purpose of the whole," Eisler says, "and the means must always be adapted to the purpose." Even "pure" music must be useful. Of all the arts, music is the most subject to the art-for-art's-sake dogma; but Eisler explodes this very simply. Music is meant to be heard by someone; if the listener feels it is of no value to him, he will soon stop listening. The question today is—music for whose ears? Eisler turned from the concert-hall public—which has known him for years as a leader of modern music, annually represented at the Baden-Baden festivals—to the mass-public because he felt that only the working class could give music the new vitality and purpose it needed. "The function of proletarian music is to help the worker in his struggle by answering his musical needs. And just as the proletariat includes the whole range of human nature, from the simplest soul to the greatest minds of the modern world, proletarian music must cover the whole range of music."

In the past the emotional power of music, like that of the theater, has been used mostly to induce the "state of trance"; but now music employs the emotional base only and for practical purposes. The closed ...yes o... "romantic" music-lovers are as much a "wrong attitude" for Eisler as the tenseness of the "fascinated" theatergoer is for Brecht. They do not only want "absorbed" listeners, but alert listeners with both their eyes and ears wide open. But just as it is part of a lesson to suggest its interpretation, it is the part of music in the lesson to make this power of suggestion more powerful—in Eisler's phrase, "to enforce an attitude." His favorite example is the last scene of *Mother*, where he has written music that is "relaxed, not tense; light-hearted, not heavy-hearted"; instead of the militant or exalted music that might have been expected, "friendly, confident, free music"—to suggest the ideal interpretation of the words: "The final goal!" In sum, the proletarian composer, like the dramatist, must be able to control not only the emotional response of the listener, but also the use to which that response is put; the action to which it should lead. Music with a specific purpose cannot be given over to any one style or manner; it must be flexible to be useful. Sometimes it "interprets" the lesson, as in *The Standard*, where music suggesting the labored breathing of Chinese coolies at work makes their story more vivid; sometimes it emphasizes a statement by punctuation, rhythm; sometimes it is a dramatic protagonist, or a symbol, as in the scene of *Mother*, in which it represents the Party's call for help. Sometimes it conveys its comment not by following the tenor of the narrative but by opposing a contrast: in *Kuhle Wampe*, for instance, a conventional composer would have written doleful music to accompany the scenes showing the wrecked homes of unemployed workers: but Eisler wrote "Solidarity." The one thing educational art must always be is a call to action.

EVA GOLDBECK.

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TIME TO GO TO WORK

William Gropper

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.re We Right to Demand Sanctions?

JOHN STRACHEY

LONDON, Dec. 30.

[N this country a controversy is raging within the radical and working-class movement as to whether the British Communist Party's policy of demanding effective sanctions against Mussolini is correct or not. One section f Socialist opinion, represented for example by the Independent Labor Party, which about corresponds to the left vi g of the American Socialist Party, is violently accusing the Communists of betraying revolutionary socialism and of supporting British imperialism by its present policy.

Our critics here feel that the revelation of the odious nature of the Hoare-Laval deal in some way proves that the British Communist policy has been ng. I have for example a letter n a member of the Independent bor Party which reads as follows:

> What about this Italian-Abyssinian mess? I had hardly dared expect that our imperialism would be so swiftly shown up and so surely. Look where the Labor Party and Communists find themselves in supporting the government imposing the sanctions. I don't know how they can be so blind.

Such critics evidently feel that the evelation of the Hoare-Laval plan for he betrayal both of Ethiopia and world eace has exposed the fact that the Brit-h government was acting from imperi-istic motives. I suppose that if any-ne doubted that this was the case then e Hoare-Laval deal must have en-ghtened him. But no Communist ever oubted for one moment that the Brit-h government was acting from imperi-st motives, and because they never ubted this, Communists did not "sup-rt the government imposing sanc-ns." On the contrary the British mmunist Party took part in the very ad popular movement, not confined any party, which, acting partly rough the Peace Ballot, forced the itish government, intensely against its l as we now know, to impose sanc-ns.

For the Communist Party, and this s where its estimate of the situation ered from that of its critics, saw that hough there were some British im-ialist interests on the side of impos-ing sanctions on Italy, the balance of such interests were against such a course. On balance the British government wished to help Mussolini, though of course on terms they wished to help, not hinder, a typical piece of imperialist aggression. All that they asked from the Italian fascists was that they should be given a share of the loot. This was the Communist estimate of the situation.

Basing themselves on this estimate the Communist Party considered that the only hope of getting effective sanctions, which would stop the fascist war, save Ethiopia and the cause of world peace, was to put such pressure on the British government that, however unwillingly, it would be forced to go against the balance of its own interests and impose effective sanctions. The Independent Labor Party and several other sections of the British working-class movement, thought the dispute between Italy and Britain was the main thing, that the British government was genuinely anxious to apply sanctions in its own imperialist interests and that consequently the job of the working-class movement was simply to expose the alleged fact that sanctions were being used by the British government in its own interests.

The question now is, who has proved right? I am bound to say that the revelation of the Hoare-Laval deal has satisfied me that the Communist estimate of the situation was right and that its critics misjudged the situation. The British government, as soon as the election was over, showed that nothing was further from its thoughts than to apply effective sanctions, that on the contrary its imperialist interests were to destroy sanctions. The Hoare-Laval deal did expose British imperialist interests, but it exposed the fact that these interests were to drop sanctions and to do a robber's deal with Mussolini. It proved once and for all that the demand to enforcement of effective sanctions was not to support the British government or its imperialist interests.

Great confusion of thought alone can now account for the suggestion that Communist policy has amounted to a support of British imperialist interests. The Hoare-Laval deal, which admittedly represents these interests (or it would not have been signed) reveals the fact that it is to the interests of the British government to stop sanctions altogether, to help fascism and to reward the aggressor, but the Communist Party has all along urged the enforcement of sanctions, the punishment of the aggressor and the stopping of the fascist war.

So much for the meaning of the signing of the Hoare-Laval deal. But what did the dropping of that deal mean? It meant nothing less than that the great mass of decent opinion in this country, constituting as I suggested last week a sort of spontaneous People's Front, could be mobilized against British imperialist interests. It meant that enormous support for peace, for the League of Nations, for the principle of punishing fascist aggression, could be mobilized in this country. I do not of course claim that the British Communist Party itself mobilized or led this great mass of opinion. Any such claim would be grotesque. But at any rate Communists played an active and energetic part in this very broad movement of opinion. Communists at any rate did not weaken the popular movement which brought Hoare down, shook the National Government to its foundations and drove it back from the path toward world war.

And to speak frankly that is just what was done by those who opposed the demand for sanctions. The British government to my personal knowledge used the attitude of these sanctions of the British working-class movement to help them in their attempt to force through the infamous Hoare-Laval deal. The government was able unfortunately to claim that the working-class movement was not united in its demand for the repudiation of the deal and for the enforcement of effective sanctions upon fascist Italy. I realize the complexity of the situation and the possibility that we may all make mistakes in our estimate of it, but I cannot doubt that if sincere Socialists in both Britain and America will think over the facts of the situation as we now know them they will come to the conclusion that the demand for effective sanctions upon fascist Italy was proved to be the best way to combat British imperialism.

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Germany's Al Capone

An Inside View of the Nazi Extortion System

JOHN L. SPIVAK

WARSAW, POLAND.

Whenever I quote anyone I always like to give the name and address of the person talking, whether he be the highest official or the poorest laborer; but in some of these articles about Nazi Germany I cannot give the name or the address or even the city where the conversations took place. I think the reader will understand why when he has finished this article.—J. L. S.

I CALLED upon the American representative of an American business in a large city of Germany. Previously, I had called upon Englishmen, Frenchmen, Austrians and Czechs and there was, in the main, scarcely any difference in what those who talked said. I choose the American because what he said is fairly representative of what the others said and because of what I myself saw in his office.

I had come with an excellent introduction and he seemed glad to see me as he ushered me into his private office.

"I want to get a foreign businessman's point of view of conditions in Germany today," I told him when we were seated.

"I don't know what I can tell you," he smiled genially. "Of course there are difficulties in Germany but from all I can see the National Socialists are doing everything possible for the people and are really trying to help maintain the world peace."

He rose from the chair in which he had settled himself comfortably before I had told him what I wanted and said, "Naturally I am most familiar with my own business and before you can understand the situation it would help considerably if you looked over our offices where we have some products that show the really high achievements of German skill—"

He bowed me out of his office, closed the door and smiled wryly.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I really shouldn't talk with you at all, but I'm so sick of these Nazis that I've about got to the stage where I don't care whether I stay on here or not! Since you are not permanently stationed in Germany as a correspondent, you can tell what is going on and I'd just as soon tell you what I know. But I cannot jeopardize the German branch of the business by talking too openly."

He had walked me to a small, rather cozy reception room and closed the door.

"I think we can talk here," he said.

"'Smatter?" I laughed. "Dictaphone in your office?"

"And a beauty! Stick around for a while and you won't find it a laughing matter. You're not familiar with the last two years or you would not ask. Haven't any of your journalistic colleagues told you?"

"I talked with many people and heard many things," I said evasively.

He laughed heartily. "Good!" he exclaimed. "I think it's all right to talk with you. You have already learned not to say with whom you talked!"

"Tell me about the dictaphone," I said. "Why don't you cut the wires?"

"It's not as simple as that. The ordinary dictaphone as we know it in America is a crude affair. These Germans are quite competent persons, you know, and the installation of ordinary dictaphones is a crude job and easily detected if you look for them. You know, of course, that the Nazis have a tremendous spy system, beautifully organized—"

Much as he obviously disliked the Nazis and the conditions under which he worked, he could not help but voice his admiration for a thorough and competent job even though he hated it. Beautifully organized: the dream of the American business man!

"Shortly after the Nazis took power," he began, offering me a cigar and lighting one himself, "they installed in the offices and residences of diplomatic representatives of foreign powers, foreign journalists and the more important ones of their own as well as in important business houses and banks, two types of telephones. In one, the moment you took off the receiver a light flashed in the offices of the secret police. There, someone plugged in and took down the conversation. The other, which came a trifle later, presumably because it took such an army of people to listen in, simply started a machine, the moment you took the receiver off the hook and recorded every word on a platter—like a victrola disk.

"People soon got wise to it and simply avoided talking over the phone. Even if they didn't say anything, there was a record of whom they called. However, science and business came to their rescue when people stopped talking over the phone. Now the Nazis have a dictaphone built into the telephone apparatus so that you cannot see it. It is actually part of the real telephone apparatus, so that if you located the dictaphone and tried to get rid of it you would simply ruin the phone. This new type of dictaphone is connected directly with the secret police. It is not necessary for a person talking to take the receiver off the hook. It works whether you telephone or not. Even the slightest whisper in the room is recorded and the record magnified at the Gestapo headquarters."

I listened in amazement to his calm recital. I had heard of many things in Nazi Germany, but I had not heard of this dictaphone-telephone and I found it hard to believe at first.

"These new dictaphone-telephones," he smiled at the look on my face, "are now being manufactured in vast numbers by the Lorenz Co., part of the International Tel. and Tel. Thus we have a picture of an American concern manufacturing dictaphones to be used in spying upon the businesses of Americans in Germany as well, I have no doubt, upon the American diplomatic representatives! The German plant of the I.T.&T. was taken over by the Nazis when they got into power and Col. Sosthenes Behn, owner of the German plant, is not even allowed into his own factory or offices because the Nazis are busy turning out these telephone-dictaphones as well as working on a secret trench-telephone system for the next war."

He puffed at his cigar and waved a hand encouragingly.

"Just stick around. You'll learn a lot about the Nazi secret police before you leave Germany, I have no doubt," he smiled cheerfully. "I'm telling you all this in explanation of my rude rushing you out of the office when I heard what you wanted. Frankly, I'm not sure whether the phone I now have is one of the new dictaphone one but after you've lived with the Nazis fo a couple of years you simply take no chances; and I'm particularly careful because the phone in my office was installed two months ago under peculiar circumstances. The old phone seemed to have been all right an then it suddenly began to grow weak an buzz until it was impossible to hear any thing—even the sort of conversations whic are carried on nowadays. Finally I had t complain, so they took the old one out an installed this one, which works swell—ma be just a little too swell!"

"I have a phone just like it in my roo at the hotel," I volunteered, trying to thi if I ever talked to myself.

"Oh, all the big hotels where foreign stay—Berlin, Hamburg, Munich, Dresde in everyone of the big cities there are n new phones. You don't think that Nazis would overlook giving nice l

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phones to the hotels where journalists, diplomats, business men and a host of other persons in whose activities they are interested in, stay?"

I could not help but recollect what had happened when I had talked with resident correspondents of four different countries and when I had called upon the diplomatic representatives of half-a-dozen nations in different cities.

"Don't telephone for an appointment," I had been warned. "Just drop in to see whomever you want to see. If they are busy, simply try again. They all understand."

THE fear that hangs like a pall over the country is simply incredible to those outside of Germany, a fear that is not confined only to Germans. In embassies, legations, consulates — territories of sovereign states flying the flag of their own country, there was that same apprehension, the same fear of being spied upon.

"Under no circumstances can you quote me or even say what country I'm from," everyone of them had insisted. Some had refused to talk at all, assuring me suavely that for obvious diplomatic reasons they could not discuss German conditions, either economic or political, with me. Others, however, talked.

"But," I would ask incredulously, "how would the Nazis dare to tap the telephone of a diplomatic representative of a foreign power? If that were traced and you protested, the scandal would startle the world. They could not afford such a risk."

"Who says they wouldn't dare?" the diplomats would smile wryly. "We examine our walls and wires—every inch of the embassy and legations and consulates are gone over periodically. Sometimes we trace a wire and cut them. But in a little while there are new wires. We do not dare to talk even in our own offices or homes."

"But this is incredible!"

"Yes. It is incredible. But there it is."

"Why do you not protest?"

"They will deny it and it will create a very unpleasant situation. So we just suffer along."

"What sort of a government is this?" I finally exclaimed once when a diplomat had told me details of spying, telephone tapping, bribing, following persons who called to learn their identities and a host of other items.

"It is not a government," the diplomat explained gently. "In your country you have gangsters like Al Capone, yes? He gained control of Chicago—"

"Just Cicero—a little suburb of Chicago," I said.

"It does not matter. He got control of an entire city. Here gangsters have got control of a great country and have become a world power to be reckoned with."

"From what I have seen and heard of the Nazis, I don't especially like them," I protested, "but I have never heard them called gangsters. The term implies people who live by extortion, blackmail, thievery —sucking the lifeblood of legitimate business under threats of force—"

"Precisely. The Nazi regime is what you call in your country a 'racket.' Do not take my word for it. Talk to some of your own countrymen who are doing business in Germany. Maybe they will talk to you; then, perhaps you will understand what I mean when I say it is a gang of gangsters that the world recognizes as the government of Germany."

"If they are gangsters, as you say, then why does your country deal with them? You do not deal with the criminal element in your own country? Why do you deal with a criminal element in control of a foreign country?"

"Because the criminal element is the foreign power," he smiled. "They have secured control of a great and powerful nation and are now feverishly arming themselves until they will be a tremendous armed force—gangsters with weapons the equal of any world power. As for dealing with them—we deal with them on the theory that it is not our business what sort of government a foreign people wants."

"But the people apparently do not want it."

"When a government is in power other countries assume that the people want it," he laughed. "The group in control may maintain itself by force and terror, but that does not matter."

"But I still don't understand. Surely you have reported to your foreign office that this is not a government as we consider governments; that it is a regime run by gangsters for their own benefit, that they are rushing headlong into preparations which threaten the peace of the world—"

He waved a delicate hand and shook his head as if in pity at such innocence.

"It is precisely because of that, that we cannot do anything. If we try to choke their arming now, we would start a war and no country wants to start a war now. A war would be disastrous for the world."

"But when the gangsters, as you yourselves call them, have built a powerful army you will be able to do still less. What will happen then?"

"A war," he said quietly. "Our intelligence services, military and commercial attaches expect that when the Nazis reach a pre-World War strength a war will be inevitable. Hitler wants Austria as well as the glory of wrecking the Soviet Union. Those are some of the factors and the driving power; behind the moral aims is Germany's need for expansion. She is cramped and must have more territory. Western Europe is already crowded with people, so she will have to move East. Poland has more people than she can take care of, so Germany has no future there. The only other place in Europe where there is plenty of land is Russia."

"Maybe I'm a little stupid," I said puzzled, "but you expect a horrible war. Other diplomats with whom I talked expect a horrible war. You know Germany is preparing for it. Then, for heaven's sake, what are you and the rest of the diplomats doing about it? Why do you sit around just watching the gangsters grow stronger and stronger?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know," he said frankly.

"I CAN'T understand this world politics," I said almost to myself. "Here is your country and other countries watching a lot of gangsters arm themselves and all you do is sit around and wait for them to start the holocaust without anyone doing a thing about it!"

"Oh, yes, we are watching them very carefully to see when they will start," he said cynically. "We can tell by the amount of raw materials piling up, the number of men trained, the number in the army, the reserves, etc. We meet with other countries' experts and compare notes as to when the explosion will start. The estimates vary from the latter part of 1937 to the spring of 1938, but not later than 1939 under any circumstances."

"And your country which will be involved, simply lets its representatives sit around waiting for the war to start!"

"Sounds insane, doesn't it?" he smiled. "But perhaps you have some suggestions? Suppose we try to choke the Nazis at the source by refusing to deal with them? Instantly the businessmen of my country will cause so much difficulty that my government may fall. Businessmen want business. Stopping all business with the Nazis means upsetting the already upset situation in the world. It means throwing many people out of work who manage to have jobs now. Business wouldn't want it so we are dealing with the gangsters and supplying them with the means to fight us!"

"But that is insanity!"

"Of course it is," he agreed cynically. "And it is also diplomacy."

So the diplomatic representatives of foreign powers sit around twiddling their thumbs, weighing, measuring, calculating the raw materials the Nazis are storing up, the munitions being turned out, the army being developed, the planes she is building. Three diplomats told me that the wide roads now being built all over Germany, spacious roads leading to all borders, are not required for the country's automobile traffic even if it quadrupled. The roads, they agreed, are being built for a secret "land battleship" which Germany has and which requires such roads. The diplomats know this. They know that the Nazis have vast numbers of planes, that the Nazis have this and that—and knowing all this and infinitely more

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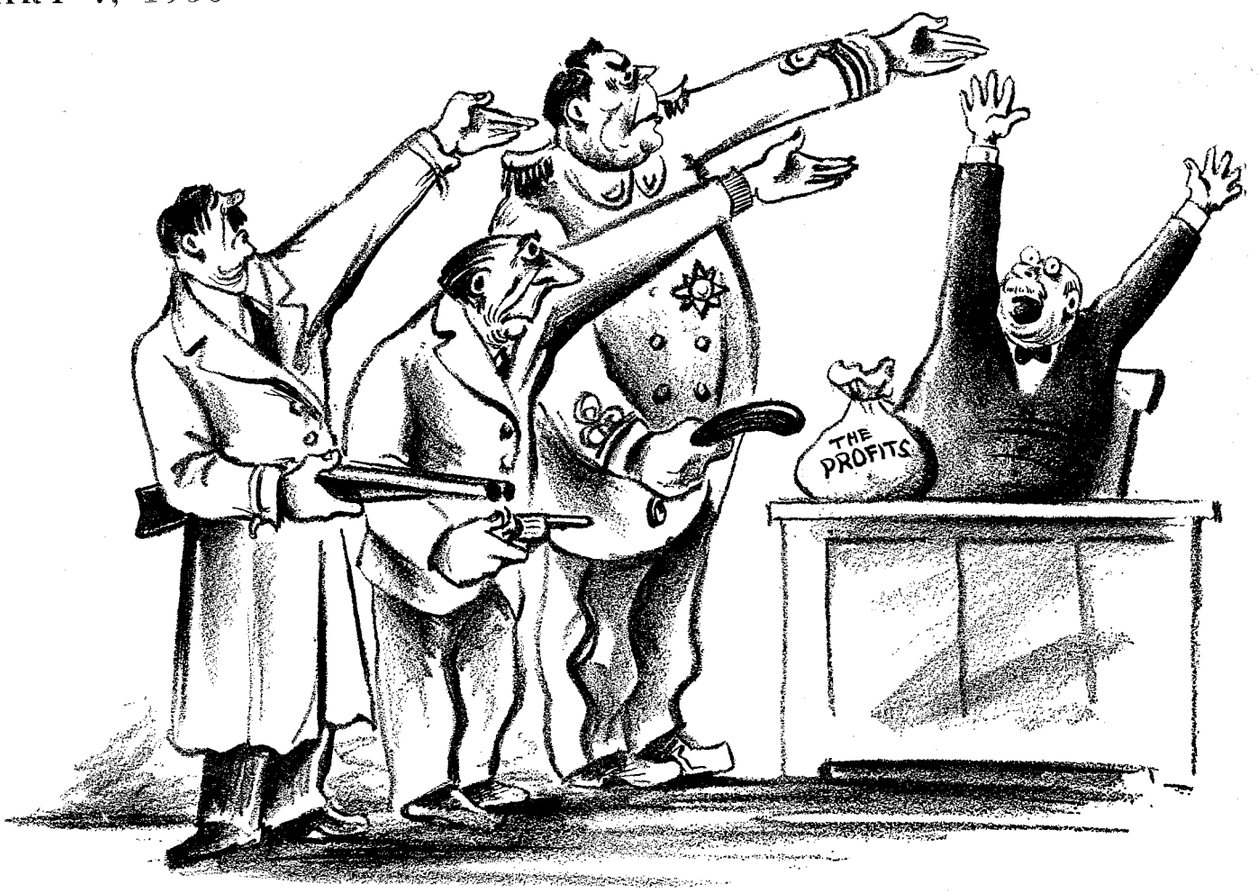

AN OLD NAZI CUSTOM

Russell T. Limbach

they sit around waiting for the war to start that will make the last holocaust look like child's play in comparison.

Everyone in Germany expects a war—from the diplomats to the German people, a war in which the gangsters will try to muscle in on other territory; and here I was talking to a reputable, hard-headed businessman who, without any quibbles called the people who were making these preparations for the next world war, a gang of blackmailers and racketeers.

"I know your name, Mr. Spivak," he said, "and I have read things that you have written. I was quite impressed with your recent book on America and your desire to be fair and accurate, so I'll tell you how they run the racket so you will understand what I mean when I say they are racketeers."

He looked at his watch. "It is now two-forty. If you will stay here until four o'clock, I will show you something that will be of more importance than anything I say, though I will explain the racket in the meantime. It just happens that I have an appointment at four o'clock."

I readily agreed to stay until then and he began:

"The essence of this so-called government is no different from the operations of any gangster mob. Mobs are run for the benefit of the mobsters and no one else, the heads taking the biggest cuts, minor officials smaller ones and so on down the line. Whatever those not in the mob get is given as a form of hush money, as gangsters back home pass out hush money to keep certain elements quiet.

"The charming thing about these Nazis is that they are quite impartial as to whom they bleed. They draw no distinction between employer and employes. They get their cut wherever they can and from whomever they can. Every one, big and little, pays tribute to this army of parasites who are now functioning as the government of a great country."

He spoke without any rancor in his voice, in a matter-of-fact tone as though he were just simply quoting statistics on his firm's output.

"There is an army of petty officials in office now who, before Hitler got into power, were not competent enough even to get a job or hold it if they got one. Today they are buying villas and expensive automobiles and their salaries are wholly insufficient for such purchases. They get 'smeared' as it is called here. They are members of a very genteel profession which has sprung up since the Nazis got into power. They are walking delegates who collect the graft, extortion money, blackmail or whatever you choose to call it. The only difference between them and the gangsters like Capone and his mob is that the Nazis do not threaten to put a pineapple under the doors of the business man who will not shell out. They do not have to resort to such crude measures. Their scheme is much more efficient. Let me illustrate:

"You are running a business, such as it is nowadays, or a store. It does not matter whether you are a native German or an American, Englishman, Frenchman—a pure Aryan or a Jew. One day a Nazi official drops in on you. He tells you very frankly that he wants a small percentage of your business in return for which you will be given protection. When you assure him that you think the German police quite capable of protecting you against burglars, thieves or any other menace, he waves the objection aside. You need protection, he assures you, not against thieves and burglars, but against Nazis and their sympathizers, forming the idea that you are not a good house to do business with. He tells you that there are new laws and regulations constantly being promulgated by the regime; these seriously hamper the flow of business as we are accustomed to it like the problem of firing someone you do not need or being compelled to hire people whom you do not want. It is difficult for firms in Germany, native or foreign, to fire help once they have been hired or to resist the constant appeals of the government to put more people to work. That is one of their methods of reducing the unemployed lists.

"For a stated sum, he assures you, you get protection against being compelled to conform to those laws and regulations as well as the Nazis and their sympathizers, forming the idea that your house is not a good place to do business."

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JSED and I asked the inevi-
.ole question: "What if you re-
.o pay this graft?"

"The walking delegate tells you frankly hat if you do not come across, your place f business will be denounced at their Nazi neetings as being unfriendly to the Nazis, hat as a result you will be boycotted. As businessman you know what that threat neans. Even if the people knew you are oeing blackmailed, they will not dare to patronize you lest they incur the anger of the Nazis. It means eventual bankruptcy and you know it.

"When you still protest, he offers inducements. In return for paying the regular monthly graft—a reasonable one, I might add, for they do not want to kill the goose ith the golden egg—he offers to have your irm or store mentioned favorably at their neetings and to urge Party members and their families and friends to patronize you.

"This is the state of affairs all over the country. This is the racket being worked everywhere whether in large cities or in small agricultural areas, by an army of chislers who do nothing all day but make the rounds and collections. Many of them devote their full time to it, collecting for the higher officials, and as in the States, the graft is split in many ways. The country is divided into regular districts and there is o muscling in because the Party leaders .re in on it."

"You mean that Hitler, Goebbels, Goering, Streicher and others as big get rake-offs on this extortion?"

"I doubt if they get rake-offs on this sort of dough. They don't need it and they are willing to permit the blackmail among the smaller leaders as a means of keeping their support. It's a racket and the mobsters must be kept content with their share. I don't suppose the biggest of them take a split, though, I wouldn't put anything beyond them. The big leaders have their own rackets."

I raised my eyebrows questioningly.

"You think the biggest of them are really fighting for a principle—Aryanism and all that? Well, maybe so, but they are ot letting the principles interfere with the graft. Let us take Hitler, the biggest of them all. He was a poor man before he came into power. Recently he gave a villa as a present to the chief of the General Staff of the army, whose favor he is currying. The villa cost the trifling sum of 1,300,000 marks, or over half-a-million dollars; and that's a lot of money in any language! And this is not the only present Hitler gave. The newspapers published all his. Now when a man starts giving away presents worth half-a-million dollars to just e man besides passing out other valuable s, you naturally ask yourself where he ot the money. The answer is his newspaper, his book, *Mein Kampf,* and his interests in the publishing house of Franz Eher of Munich. This last is a marvellous little graft. These are the ones I know about. What others he's got his fingers in, I don't know.

"When Hitler came to power his newspaper increased its advertising fifteen times —I mean fifteen times, not fifteen percent! Circulation did not jump that much, but the advertising rates sure did. If you will examine the ads in his paper you will find that most of them are for products that would not normally be advertised. Many are complimentary ads. Everybody knows that when a firm's ad appears in The Beobachter they will be viewed with friendly eyes, so everybody rushes to advertise in the Fuehrer's organ as a sort of peace offering.

"For those who don't, the advertising managers send their solicitors. They walk in pretty arrogantly—I know because I've seen them—and tell the prospective advertiser that the rates have jumped again and they can let him have, as a personal favor, so many inches at the new and higher price. It's what the Capone gang used to do in Chicago when they walked in on a speakeasy and announced that the owner would take so many barrels of beer—or else. Only here it's advertising.

"I won't go into the racket around the sale of *Mein Kampf,* but I will go into the Franz Eher publishing house in Munich. Just how much Hitler, Goering, Goebbels and the others have in it, I don't know. I have heard that Hitler has fifty-one percent; but that may be a little exaggerated. It doesn't matter. The important thing is that the leaders own this firm and it is impossible to publish a textbook for the schools—and you know how much money there is in school textbooks—without the Eher outfit bringing it out. They control the book-publishing business in Germany and when you consider the millions of books sought by the state for the schools, libraries, etc., there is a young fortune in this racket.

"In the various public projects like buildings, streets, roads, etc., there is either a direct interest in the ownership of the firm doing the work or the contractor pays plenty. I know that, too, because I have talked with men who have paid. And there is no way for anyone to expose this because the papers are Nazi controlled.

"It does begin to look like a swell racket," I commented.

"When you get among the smaller fry the blackmail is so rotten that it turns even a healthy stomach like mine. A person who is not connected with the Nazi Party or who does not pay tribute to some Nazi leader simply cannot get a job. I myself had a young Nazi, only twenty-four years old who used to work for me. I fired him for incompetence over three years ago. For a long time he was unable to get a job. Finally he became a pimp, living off the women in the street like their national hero, Horst Wessel. When the Nazis got into power this youngster with barely enough education to read and write became a leading official in one of the education departments of the government at a salary of 900 marks a month—the equivalent to the salaries of nine average workmen in Germany, workmen with families to support. He lived high, spending most of his income; yet, after two years in office he bought himself a villa and a car for 27,000 marks, or around $12,000. Obviously he did not earn it. It happens that I know the firms from which he collects extortion. He has seventeen on his own list, most of them foreign firms."

"How about the rural district? There aren't enough stores there to make it worth their while. Do they collect from the farmers?"

"No. In the country the racket is worked differently. Apparently the big boys have passed word down to lay off the farmers; they are needed to produce foodstuffs and the young and healthy farm boys are needed for the army and it would not do to irritate the farming element. But so far as small-town storekeepers and the big landowners are concerned, they simply have to chip in a lump sum and buy a present for the local Nazi leader. Just pick up the provincial papers. They are always filled with villas presented to the local leaders, villas, automobiles and other expensive presents. The value of the present depends upon the size of the town or village. The underlings of the leaders go around and suggest that everybody chip in—and everybody knows enough to do it. If they don't their store becomes an unfriendly place and is boycotted.

"But the most sickening thing of this whole nasty business is the women who have to work. They cannot get jobs unless they are okayed by the Nazis or those close to the leaders. I know a German schoolteacher, quite competent, who was unable to get any kind of work—teaching or otherwise—until she was almost frantic. She faced actual hunger. It was then that a Nazi who had been trying to make her told her plainly that if she would become his mistress he would get her a job.

"It's a funny thing what desperation and the fear of hunger will do to even the nicest people. Moralities are forgotten when hunger stares you in the face. The girl became his mistress and two days later she had a job teaching."

He became so angry telling this story that he bit off the end of his cigar and spat it out with a growl of disgust.

"I don't suppose anyone will ever know how rotten they can be," he growled. "And there is nothing, it seems, that anyone can do about it. Why, I know heads of businesses, foreigners, who have not been approached by these Nazi walking delegates and who have incurred the displeasure of the Nazis, actually go to their commercial at-

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taches to ask that they arrange with the leaders to take graft so that they can stay in business!"

"But it is incredible to believe that attaches of great powers will descend to anything like that," I said.

"It is the function of representatives here of a foreign country to aid their business men and when a business man pleads to be allowed to pay graft, what can the attache do—especially when he knows that it's part of the national racket? I know several who went to the English and French commercial attaches and had them arrange contacts with the Nazi leaders for that purpose. This has happened to my knowledge. It has probably happened with the American attache, too, but if so he is simply too close-mouthed to say anything about it. But other officials, representatives of great powers, talk about it and they are simply sick of the whole thing. If you think I am exaggerating, ask them!"

"I already have. Some refused to talk. Others admitted that they act as contacts between Nazi leaders and their countrymen doing business in Germany."

"There you are," he laughed. "Then you see I am not exaggerating; and while you're on these racketeering activities of the people who are known as the German government, why not look into the smuggling of marks for which the Nazi courts are sending Catholic priests and nuns to prison?"

"I've already looked into that, too," I smiled.

I REMEMBERED the conversations I had had with officials of several great world powers. They had talked—with rueful smiles. Normally, I gather, they would have kicked out of their offices anyone who came to them with such suggestions but the people who came were very high Nazi officials, men who held high posts in the government. These high Nazi officials, the foreign diplomats told me frankly, had come to them offering a high rate of exchange if the diplomats would smuggle out marks in diplomatic pouches.

"Schacht," they explained to the diplomats, "will not give us money for propaganda abroad and we must have it. We will pay three, three and a half times the regular rate of exchange for foreign money."

"We are not at all sure that they wanted this money for propaganda," the diplomats told me, "though that was not the question. Personally, we think that these high Nazis, expecting inflation within a year or so, want to get their extortion money out of the country where it is banked as dollars, pounds, francs, shillings, zlotys—any foreign money which is stable. Banks in many countries on the continent, especially Switzerland, have rented out plenty of safe-deposit boxes.

"The financial stability of the mark has been seriously shaken several times when large blocks of marks—brand new money straight from the treasury printing office, it seems—appeared in Switzerland, France, Austria. Blocks of half a million, two million marks at a clip. You know that when that much illegal money appears the money market suffers a serious blow. It is much as though counterfeiters making perfect money suddenly flooded a country with it."

"Isn't the appearance of such large blocks of marks in foreign countries evidence that some diplomatic pouches are being used?"

"Maybe. There are countries that would just as soon see the mark stagger; and it is also possible that they have their own way of getting money out."

"The most amazing part of what you tell me," I said, "is not that they are smuggling out marks but that they have the gall to come to foreign representatives for connivance. Why didn't you kick them out?"

"Because we are diplomats," they smiled. "We feel like it but we just can't. They really do not realize our reaction to their offers. They think everybody is like themselves."

I told the American business man of these conversations and he merely nodded.

"Sure," he said, "just stick around and you'll see and hear more."

A girl secretary appeared and looked significantly at him.

"You have an appointment," she reminded him.

He looked at his wrist watch and rose.

"Well," he laughed, stretching himself. "I've told you a lot of stories. Now come with me into my office and you'll see something. I shall introduce you as an official of my concern over here for a short business trip. All you do is sit quiet and listen."

We walked back into his office. I took a comfortable chair and chewed at a fat cigar that he gave me.

THE door opened and a Nazi, not more than twenty-eight or thirty, walked in, clicked his heels, smiled and advanced, extending his hand. The American business man took it and introduced me.

"I asked to see you," said the Nazi, "because I understand that you have been having a little difficulty with our new laws. *Ach!* So many laws," he said, shaking his head dolefully. "I thought maybe I could be of some assistance."

He paused and looked questioningly at him.

"I know all about it," my host said carelessly. "I don't think we need go into that. I know all the sales points; I've talked to many of my colleagues. What I want to know is how much?"

The Nazi smiled and nodded. "Good. Then we can talk business, *nicht?* Americans always like to talk business!" He laughed as though the phrase "talk business" was very funny. "I thought that my services would be worth 1,000 marks a month——"

"Nothing doing," said my host. "That's a lot of money. Do you think"—he turned to me—"that we can afford to pay that much for the services he can give?"

"Can he give it?" I asked.

"*Ja, ja,*" the Nazi smiled assuringly at me. "I have all the connections. It is official. Anything that troubles you will be straightened out immediately. You will have no difficulty. Of that I can assure you. Naturally, they will have to be satisfactory or you will stop paying me!"

"Looks like he sells a convincing bill of goods," I laughed. "But I think he wants too much."

"One thousand marks is not much for a business like this." The Nazi was now trying to sell me, apparently under the impression that I had the final say. "You could easily lose twice that amount or much more without my services," he added significantly.

"Two hundred marks," said my host. "That's over $40 a week in American money and that's a lot of money in this country."

"Two hundred marks!" exclaimed the Nazi. "It is not worth troubling about."

"Terrible to have troubled you," said my host.

"I'll tell you," said the Nazi, "business is not so good as it was, I know. I will talk with my superior and try to convince him that he should take seven hundred and fifty. That is the best I can do"

"Since you're so generous, I'll equal it," said the American. "Three hundred and fifty and that's top."

"Six hundred," said the Nazi. "It is easily worth six hundred. You will get more than six hundred marks worth of advertising from us."

"Three-fifty."

"Five hundred."

"Why don't you make it four and settle the argument," I interrupted laughing.

The Nazi delegate sighed and looked helplessly at me. "He is worse than a Jew," he commented.

"All right. Four hundred. And I want to see some favorable mention all around."

"Oh, that you will. And," he added in a businesslike fashion, "if the first payment——"

"Yes. I know."

He rang for his secretary and instructed her to get 400 marks and put it in an envelope."

"I will have to have a receipt," he said. "I must put it down on my expenses."

"No receipt," said the Nazi. "You will have to figure out a way of recording it."

"Okay," said my host.

The Nazi rose, put the money in his inside coat pocket, clicked his heels and bowed.

"I am sure you will find my services satisfactory," he said.

My host escorted him to the door, motioning with his head for me to accompany him. We watched the departing figure saunter out of the building.

"There," said my host, "goes the government of Germany."

John L. Spivak's story in next week's issue, also from Germany, is called "Here Is Your Jew!"

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Dark Days in Sunnyside

JOHN STUART

SUNNYSIDE is less than a half-hour subway ride from Times Square, New York. From the East River tunnel the train rushes on to the elevated structure and into Long Island City. Below are the vast equipment yards of the Pennsylvania Railroad and as you look back you see the Manhattan skyline dimmed by the blue haze of late afternoon. You wonder if a photographer has ever taken a shot of the Empire State building from the first train platform. It's painfully cold out and you also wonder if the Sunnyside homeowners are picketing the local office of the City Housing Corporation. Because it is the C.H.C. and its foreclosure whip that is bringing you out to this Manhattan suburb.

The Sunnyside houses were built by the C.H.C. in the four years between 1924 and 1928. There are 563 of them, laid out on what was formerly about fifty-two acres of raw land. When the architects designed the homes and the grounds, they must have had an English village in mind. But the immediate impression, as you walk through the Sunnyside streets, is that these houses are shaped so much like gabled egg-boxes. Only the colorfully shingled roofs seem able to relieve the monotony of red-brick houses standing in rows. For a minute you think that these homes are just fancy improvements over the company-town layouts that you have seen in Pennsylvania mining districts. But it is really not that bad. And then you ask yourself how these homeowners have been fooled into believing that Sunnyside would be a sort of New York housing paradise.

But it isn't hard to understand how hundreds of families were kidded into buying these homes. City Housing Corporation told them that Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Felix Adler, Arthur Lehman, Richard T. Ely, Morris Ernst and a dozen other influential, reputable people were members of the board of directors. And if these people had given their endorsement to the project it was certain that buyers couldn't go wrong. The project itself was the outgrowth of general sentiment that the ordinary forms of realty speculation could not solve the housing-shortage problem. City Housing was therefore founded as a limited-dividend corporation. A halo of philanthropy was constructed around the development. And Alexander M. Bing, the company's president, availed himself of all publicity channels to drive home the message of low-cost homes for the masses. Lewis Mumford in The Nation, Bruce Bliven in The New Republic, The New York Times and numerous other publications sang effective praises about Sunnyside. School teachers, writers, firemen, salesmen, taxicab owners, professional people, owners of small businesses and skilled workers eagerly flocked to buy.

THE limited-dividend corporation for home construction was a new idea in the United States in 1924. It had been put into practice in England and on the continent as a form of public-utility enterprise for financing homes. Alexander M. Bing had studied these corporations in England and returned with the idea of building garden cities. Dividends on stock investments in the corporation were to be limited to six percent and the remaining profits reinvested in the improvement of Sunnyside grounds and property. Prospective home-buyers were made to understand that this limited-dividend corporation was genuine and that here at last was an opportunity to buy homes at low cost without the "gyp" features of other commercial-housing companies. The buyers didn't ask questions. It seemed foolish to question so eminent a board of directors as that administering the City Housing Corporation.

The first hitch in the dealings of the public-spirited C.H.C. came late in 1924. The home-buyers were told that homes were being sold to them at the actual cost of construction and the price of the lot, plus a six-percent return on both these costs. It later turned out that the houses were not sold at cost, but for amounts in excess of the cost and in excess of the six-percent return agreed upon. The homeowners also paid the same proportionate rate for their land as was charged the purchasers of commercial sites. Inasmuch as a commercial site is of greater business value, the buyers of these sites pay considerably more for grounds, while a private buyer pays less. Thousands were made in profits by the C.H.C.—profits, it is charged, which were not exactly accounted for—from the higher prices paid by the homeowners. The C.H.C. also constructed a sewer for an apartment house it was contemplating building. The sewer was of little or no use to the small home-owners, yet they were burdened with the charges for its construction.

In 1930, the City Housing Corporation sold land to Phipps Houses, Inc., of which Alexander M. Bing was an interested officer, for $350,000. In addition to the sale price, the C.H.C. was also paid $50,000 by the Phipps company for the privilege of using Sunnyside's private park. This sum was to be expended for the benefiit of Sunnyside homeowners. The C.H.C. appropriated the $50,000 for its own use and entered it on its books as money invested by the Title Guarantee and Trust Co. in the stock of City Housing. The entry was false. The homeowners were induced to accept C.H.C.'s common stock with a face value of $50,000. At the time the stock was delivered the C.H.C. did not reveal that it was insolvent and that the stock was therefore worthless.

The C.H.C. also paid exorbitant building fees to T. C. Desmond & Co., the building contractors. This company was owned and controlled by Thomas C. Desmond, who was one of the three original founders of City Housing and later became one of its directors. The building contract was on a "cost plus" basis. The C.H.C. agreed to pay the builders six percent above costs up to a certain amount; after the amount had been reached the builders agreed to have the percentages graded down to five, four and three. The cost of the houses was increased by ordering workmen to take it easy and stretch out the work and thereby increase the percentage that the T. C. Desmond & Co. would receive.

THE members of two- and three-family homes were also told by the C.H.C. that the rent from the apartments would for the most part cover the carrying charges of the houses. The rental value of these houses was, however, depressed by the absence of dining alcoves, the small size of the rooms and the poor fixtures. In addition the C.H.C. violated its agreement with the homeowners to hold areas solely for homeowner purposes. Instead, the C.H.C. permitted the erection of apartment houses with larger rooms and superior equipment, thereby creating competition between the rentable apartments of the home-owners and those of the apartment houses.

The construction of the Sunnyside homes was faulty. During a storm water seeped through the walls, damaging the interior of the houses. Windows leaked, roofs were not insulated, making the top floors unbearably hot in the summer and cold in winter; plumbing materials were far below standard and the heating apparatus which the contractors installed in the buildings was of obsolete design.

These are but a few of the charges the Sunnyside home-owners bring against the City Housing Corporation. (On the telephone, I asked Mr. Bing to discuss these charges. He said that there was absolutely nothing whatsoever in them and that the homeowners made them in bad faith—w[illegible]ever that may mean. He furthermor[illegible]lt that THE NEW MASSES was a "one-sided

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publication" and would not, in his words, "print the truth anyway." I asked for a quotable statement in connection with these charges. He refused to say anything to what he called a "propaganda" organ.) Under the guise of erecting a tightly-knit community of happy home-owners, C.H.C. defrauded them of their savings. Ballyhoo about the social-mindedness of such persons as Alexander M. Bing and City Housing itself turned out to be nothing more than a "come-on-sucker" scheme for hundreds of families. A few crafty men, whatever their intentions were in the beginning, knew that tremendous profits could be made out of Sunnyside and after the profits were made they went. Time was to disclose that the home-owners would be caught in the crossfire between the mortgage-holding companies and the realty corporation.

It was not, however, until the crash of 1929 that the Sunnyside residents began to understand what had happened to them. After 1929, the homeowners collided with the mortgage-holding organizations. The first mortgages on these homes are held by the Equitable Assurance Society, East River Savings Bank, the Brooklyn Trust Co. and a group of Rockefeller-dominated insurance companies — Merchants Indemnity Corporation of New York, Merchants Fire Assurance Corporation and the Washington Assurance Corporation.

The second mortgages, held by the City Housing Corporation, were placed in trust with the Irving Trust Company; the C.H.C. floated a bond issue amounting to $2,000,000 with these second mortgages and other assets as collateral. The Russell Sage Foundation is the largest single bondholder. The money the C.H.C. realized on the sale of the bonds was turned into the development of another community project in Radburn, N. J. The same halo of philanthropy that was used in Sunnyside was here employed again. The speculative Radburn project failed and along with the decline of real-estate values, the value of the second mortgages also declined to a level greatly below that which the bondholders—a few, really widows and orphans—paid.

While the Sunnyside homeowners were employed they were able to make the monthly payments, an arrangement which included amortization, taxes, fire insurance and interest on first and second mortgages. A home-owner who paid $9,000 for a one-family house paid ten percent down and about $70 a month. The monthly charge did not include the cost of heating or maintenance.

Then in January, 1933, 530 home-owners showed a decline of fifty percent in their incomes as compared with January, 1928, compelling severe reductions in the standard of living. And in 1933, seventy-five percent of the homeowners were faced with foreclosure. It was a blow to the people who had established homes and had invested substantial sums in improving them. These small homeowners had also devoloped a community spirit as evinced by their support of a playground, a progressive school and an unemployment relief agency. Some homeowners turned over their deeds to City Housing. But the majority of them, despite curtailed incomes, unemployment and the fixed burden of payments on interest and amortization, stayed on. The rumblings against the threatened foreclosures were to unite them in a fight against the C.H.C. and the Rockefeller mortgagors. About sixty families moved into their cellars in order to rent their own apartments, the money from which they were forced to use for food and clothing.

THE homeowners organized themselves as the Homeowners Consolidated Mortgage Committee. In the last year they have attempted to reach an equitable settlement with the C.H.C. on the basis of a reduction on the interest rate of the first and second mortgages, no foreclosures for two years, liquidation of the second mortgages at their current value and the cancellation of arrears as of the date of settlement. But neither the City Housing Corporation nor the bankers nor the bondholders would listen. They wanted their pound of flesh and they began concerted foreclosure proceedings. And for the first time a group of small homeowners struck for their demands. These home-owners are not industrial workers fighting an employer. They are white-collar, middle-class people who a few years ago would have shuddered at the thought of striking and picketing.

Mr. Bing of C.H.C. has called them fanatical Bolsheviks. But the homeowners know that the only way they can save their homes is to employ the same organized methods steel workers use in protecting their interests. Tenants have joined with homeowners in picketing City Housing. The children picket the houses of the few homeowners who have not joined in the strike. The Red-scare has been raised and Paul Crosbie, a homeowner and a Communist, has been the special target of the bankers and mortgage companies involved.

Crosbie told me: "It's simply amazing what unity of action there is among the homewoners. Many of them don't realize the full implications of a fight of this kind. Some of them think that the holding-company authorities are just mean people. But there are dozens among us who are beginning to understand that the strike is not just directed against a few petty officials, but against the whole set-up of bankers and against the system itself."

I went with Frieda Ross to the homes of some of the strikers. Mrs. Ross is one of the leaders in the strike movement. Everywhere on the Sunnyside streets she was greeted by cordial nods of the head. "The people you see greeting me," she said, "never talked to me a few years ago because I am a Jew. Now they are my good friends. We visit one another and talk over our troubles. The strike seems to have broken down all the barriers. There are a few Irish families living here who never would have anything to do with their English neighbors. Somehow the feud was carried over from the old country. Now they make parties for one another. Since the beginning of the strike they've realized that their past animosity was a lot of stupid nonsense. There is a community spirit thriving here, since the strike, which all our community associations of the last ten years could never create."

As we walked into Mrs. Corinne Thal's home, I noticed that stretching along the side of the house had been painted in huge white letters FORECLOSED BY ROCKEFELLER.

"Who did that neat job?" I asked, pointing to the sign.

"Well," Mrs. Thal answered, "it was done by some artist neighbors who are also striking homeowners. Thousands of people see it every day as they ride by to their own mortgage-burdened homes on Long Island. Many people have come in to find out what the sign is about. I explain that my house was foreclosed by the Rockefeller interests. These people tell me that they wish they had a strong organization to fight the mortgagors in their towns."

"How do you feel about the strike?" I asked.

She laghed a moment. "It's very funny," she said. "I was opposed to the idea of striking when people first began talking about it. I even disrupted a strike-committee meeting. I didn't think a strike would get us anywhere. I figured if we were nice to the City Housing Corporation they'd be nice to us. So I was nice and they sold my house on the Jamaica courthouse steps. Then again I thought a strike is too Communistic. But when a committee of striking homeowners demonstrated before the Jamaica courthouse the day my house was auctioned off and I saw that both the auctioneer and the bidders were getting green in the face, I realized that these strikers have some power behind them. And I decided then and there that I was for the strikers. I'm not going to let anyone else's house be taken."

"Now that the Rockefellers have foreclosed your place, I suppose the next step will be eviction," I remarked.

"They'll have to drag me out by the hair," said Mrs Thal. "Every cent of our savings went into the purchase of this house. My family has sweated blood to keep it in good condition. If they want to evict me, they'll have to evict the hundreds of striking homeowners behind me."

She paused a moment before she added, "And that's a job for the United State Army, the National Guard and the Marines mister."

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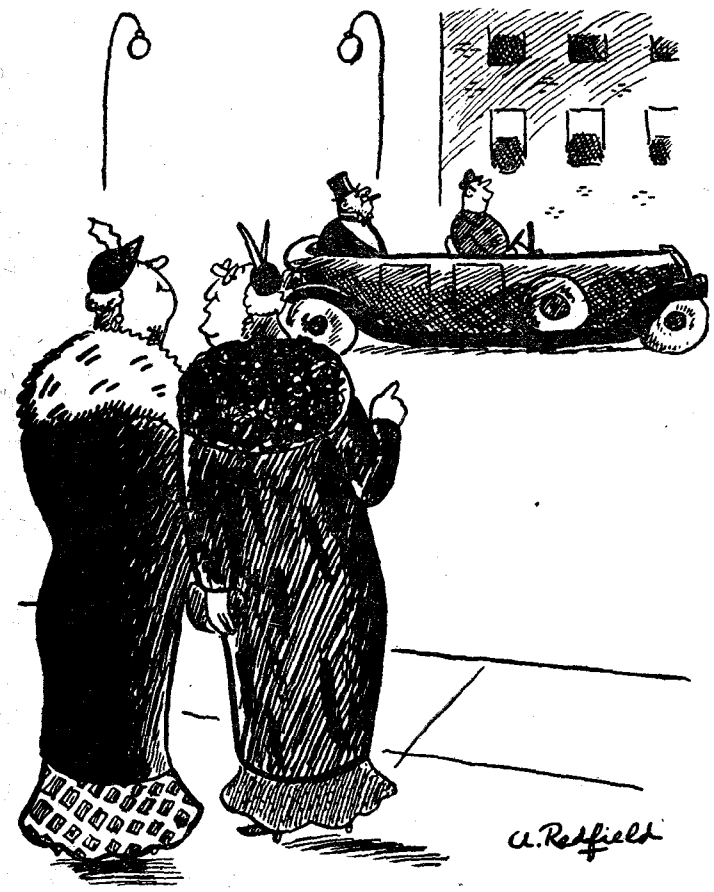
From Redfield's "The Ruling Clawss"



"They say he owns twenty-five sweatshops but he never perspires"

"That was delicious—I think I'll have dinner in bed, too."

"H'y'a, Toots!"

"Lucky for him I believe in mass action."

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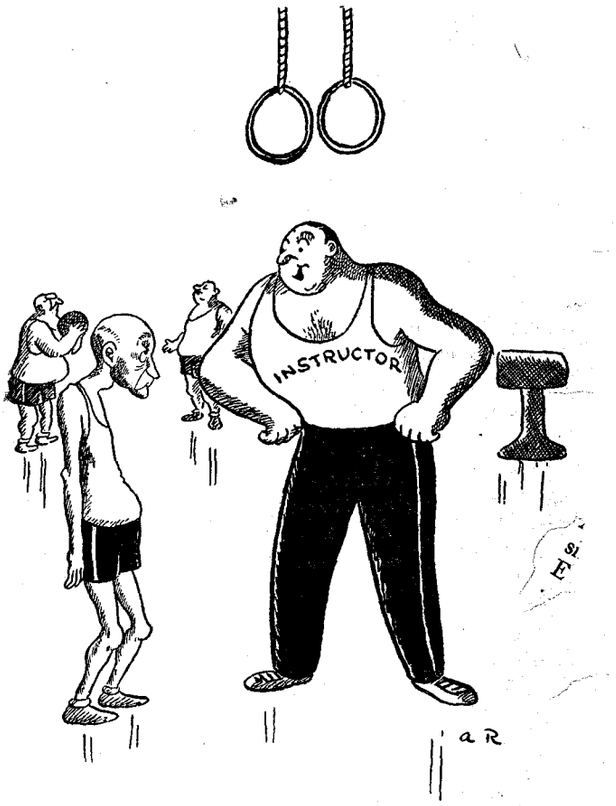
"Look glum, Everett—we're supposed to be losing money!"



"Well! Well! And how's the Giant of Wall Street today?"

"Look, Humphries—the ideal type for the union organizer."

"I'm going to lunch, Miss Farber—I'm starving."

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Concerning the English

ROBERT FORSYTHE

MY first idea was to use George Dangerfield's *The Strange Death of Liberal England* (Smith and Haas) as a springboard for theories of my own about the British but the action of Sir Samuel Hoare in the Ethiopian question was so typically English that there is no need to invent a pretext for discussing the remarkable island people. What I wish to do is clarify my position about the British and relieve the minds of friends who have been worried by what they have considered my Anglophobia. Since it is obviously impossible to recount the complete story of the English at each writing and since, furthermore, I have never recounted it at all with any definiteness, the impression seems to have arisen that I am determined to do what Edmund Burke said could not be done: indict an entire nation.

I think I have been careful to point out that the England I abhorred was the special England of the white flannels, the monocles and the Great Houses, but that can degenerate into trivial references to pip-pip and cheer-o and the gentlemanly nonsense of our blood cousins. What I want to examine in this article is the peculiar position of Great Britain in the world of culture and politics which makes it so completely an enemy not only of sound liberalism but of freedom and culture in general. It will be necessary for the reader to examine and analyze his own feelings about the English ruling classes. Otherwise he will go on believing that the existence of Hyde Park is a guarantee of freedom of utterance in England, that the country is the hope of democracy and that the British Empire is a beneficent force designed by God to carry forward the march of mankind.

Unless one realizes that there is a distinct and unbridgeable cleavage between the private morals and public morals of the British, there is no possibility of understanding them. Where this reveals itself most clearly is in politics. To one who has followed the British with even casual interest, it will be no surprise to find that the National government which won the election a few months ago on a platform of defense of the League of Nations and sanctions against Italy should, when once back in office safely, proceed to repudiate its promises in the most cynical fashion. The deal between Sir Samuel Hoare and M. Laval by which Italy was to have half of Ethiopia as a sort of reward for ill-doing, has been duplicated so often by the British Foreign Office that it is always a matter of astonishment to find the English resenting the cry of "perfidious Albion." They do resent it because, as individuals, they are not at all perfidious. No decent Englishman of the governing classes would lift your purse, he would be shocked at the notion of taking the slightest advantage of a rival. By the same token, there is not a single ruling-class Englishman who would hesitate at perjuring his soul if it meant the advancement of the British Empire.

The fact that the Empire, like every other empire, has been gathered together through a policy of ruthlessness, devious dealing and plain theft can be regarded as no particular charge against the British. As a first-rate nation, they are either believers in *Realpolitik* or they would remain a first-rate nation for only a few years at best. What makes it necessary to insist on the facts about the English is the lofty moral tone they adopt in their international relations. Resting in possession of everything they can possibly desire in the way of foreign territory, they can afford to speak in jeweled Christian phrases about the need of man's kindness to man. The effect of such weighty ethical thought upon the kindly folk of all nations is so profound that they are prepared to believe that the English are devoted to the League of Nations and other liberal ideas when it is plain that they are interested in nothing but the imperialistic desires of the British Commonwealth.

The sagacity of British statesmen is proverbial and it is difficult to understand the lack of astuteness involved in the Italian-Ethiopian matter. The practice of capturing the moral side of every argument and allowing the world to join in the game of pulling British chestnuts out of the fire has been polished to a fine state of perfection. America was one of the finest of chestnut pullers during the World War and Geneva was all prepared to carry on with zest in curbing an Italy which threatened British domination of the Mediterranean. What happened is not yet clear, but it is interesting to note that the proposed Hoare-Laval agreement provided that Italy would have no part of Ethiopia near Lake Tana, which controls the headwaters of the Blue Nile and is thus essential to British interests in Egypt.

The resistance of the French to the fine moral fibre of the English at Geneva may be traced to the Stresa Conference, which was a united front action by Italy, France and England against Germany. After listening to the usual Christian messages from aristocratic English, the French went home to find that the English had been arranging a secret German-English naval agreement behind their backs. Having acted in close cooperation with the British in refusing to take League action against Japan at the time of its aggression in Manchuria, it is possible that the French were not wholly amazed to find that Sir Samuel could be both a fine figure of a man representing the soul of the world at Geneva and a very clever negotiator behind closed doors at the Quai D'Orsay.

IN domestic politics, where one might think that the ideal of British sportsmanship would be permanent, the level of integrity in the years since the War has been on a par with the ward politics of Pittsburgh. When the Lloyd George government won the election of 1918 with its slogan of "Hang the Kaiser!" it was felt that the bottom had been reached, but this was soon to be surpassed by the notorious Zinoviev forgery, which resulted in the overturn of the first Labor government. The thought that the fine Conservative gentlemen would stoop to forging a letter which purported to show an alliance between the Soviet government and Mr. MacDonald would seem more shocking if it had not followed a long line of such incidents which are best covered under the head of "practical politics." The first triumph of the National government, with the same Mr. MacDonald at the helm, was equally dishonest. The election campaign was waged entirely on the basis of having the gold standard and of turning out the Socialists who were seeking to destroy the savings of the poor. The new government hadn't been in office a month before the gold standard was thrown overboard. The recent election was, as we have seen, a straight piece of chicanery and trickery.

But having said this, it is still evident that the English way of life has a powerful attraction for people of all countries. It is still the model for those who feel that democracy and liberalism are the right states of life. By democracy, indeed, is meant English parliamentianism. The picture we have of England is of a grateful land of thatched roofs, pleasant week-ends, personal privacy and decency, justice and freedom. It is necessary at every opportunity to point out that poverty among the workers in England has been reared to a philosophy and that the entire pleasant British civilization rests upon a system of slavery not duplicated since the days of the Roman Empire. If one grants the premise that the captive peoples of Asia and Egypt should be content with their position as the support of what was once a beautiful culture, it must be conceded that democratic England is to be admired. There is the further consideration, however, of the value of that

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culture and the chances of its continuing as a force.

The freedom of speech and word which England once prided itself upon is disappearing. Legally there is no book censorship and it will be possible for a defender of Britain to establish that there is complete freedom of publishing. It is only when an author encounters the invisible censorship of Great Britain that he realizes how far the country has strayed from its former pretensions of impartiality. In making this point, I will mention only such instances of which I have personal knowledge. At the moment Robert Briffault's *Europa* cannot find publication in England because, even after editorial cutting which has emasculated the book, the publisher is unable to find a *printer* who will set it. The libel laws are such that everybody connected with a book is in danger. The consequences are that the publishers have inaugurated their own censorship, which is far more restrictive than anything which might be legally imposed. Briffault's *Breakdown* is being published, but with the omission of the last chapter, which happens to be the meat of the volume in its revised form. George Seldes' book on Mussolini was accepted by an English publisher several years ago but later refused publication because of a warning from the British Foreign Office. The firm of Constable in London expressed its disgust with English censorship by inserting a page in the middle of Tom Kromer's *Waiting for Nothing,* saying that it was ashamed that an English audience had to be deprived of entire pages of the book because of the libel laws. I venture to say that no American work of any consequence has been published in England in recent years without cutting. A novel such as Alvah C. Bessie's *Dwell in the Wilderness* was accepted for English publication on the understanding that it would be edited and has since been hacked almost beyond recognition.

The English theater has never been free. Bernard Shaw in his preface to *Nine Plays* points out that it was Walpole's fear of Henry Fielding's plays in 1737 which resulted in the appointment of the Lord Chamberlain as a censor of the stage. Shaw writes:

> The extinguisher which Walpole dropped on Fielding descends on me in the form of the Lord Chamberlain's Examiner of Plays, a gentleman who robs, insults, and suppresses me as irresistibly as if he were the Czar of Russia and I the meanest of his subjects. The robbery takes the form of making me pay him two guineas for reading every play of mine that exceeds one act in length. I do not want him to read it (at least officially, personally he is welcome): on the contrary, I strenuously resent that impertinence on his part. But I must submit to obtain from him an insolent and insufferable document, which I cannot read without boiling of the blood, certifying that that in his opinion—*his* opinion!—my play "does not in its general tendency contain anything immoral or otherwise improper for the stage," and that the Lord Chamberlain therefore "Allows" its performance (confound his impudence!). In spite of this certificate he still retains his right as an ordinary citizen, to prosecute me, for an outrage on public morals if he should change his mind later on. . . . If, having been paid, he is afraid to license the play: then he can suppress it, and impose a mulct of £50 on everybody who takes part in a representation of it, from the callboy to the principal tragedian.

Only a man with Shaw's views and reputation and combative nature could have overcome the censor and even he failed to do it in the case of *Mrs. Warren's Profession.* The ordinary London manager very sensibly makes no attempt to buck the censor. If he does it and fails, the loss is enough to cripple him seriously. The consequence is that the London stage for years has been among the most innocuous in the world. The same tendency to avoid dangerous topics is prevalent throughout the British literary world.

THE matter of England's decline as a cultural force is a large subject and I have no room to pursue it here. There are small but powerful groups of radicals who are as much aware of the world as thinkers anywhere, but they are not the English who are looked upon with awe by susceptible people elsewhere. I stress the point of culture because there is confusion between the English as "cultured" (meaning polite, mannered) people and true culture.

It is not that the English are worse than other people, but that they are no better. When my radical friends reproach me for my prejudice, I am even more clearly aware of the seductiveness of the English ideal. Just as the British Labor Party is at times a dangerous force because of its compromising tendencies, so is the British ideal a false one for those who know that only by releasing the creative forces of the world can there be hope for any of us. To the assertion that the world is even now faced by a choice between fascism and Commu
mon answer among liberals is t
is not necessary at all: there is
England as a third and saner choic
truth is that the seeds of fascism are a
firmly planted among the ruling-class English as they are among our own Bourbons. Anyone who doubts that the English aristocrats will stop at nothing to gain their ends is advised to read those passages in Mr. Dangerfield's book which deal with the Ulster problem. In that case British army officers refused to put down a revolt in Ulster headed by the Conservatives and Unionists. It was mutiny and treason and as far from the democratic British ideal as one could wish for, but it was successful because it was led by the "right people." To assume that they will do anything less when another crisis arises is to ignore history entirely.

If we have any desire to assist those forces in England itself which are struggling agains the muffling traditions of aristocratic Britain we must keep pointing to the truth. If the owners of the British Empire find that they can only save themselves by jettisoning every democratic right and suppressing every cultural activity, they will do it as completely as Hitler has done it. Indeed, the curb on culture has reached alarming proportions. The fact that the English themselves do not wage constant war against the restrictive provisions is an even more frightening sign In view of these facts, it would seem senseless for anybody who cares for the full life to be concerned with pointing out, in every article, that while the British may be capitalists, they are at the same time excellent folk at a King's Levee. Admittedly the British ruling class are people of manners and breeding; they are also most determined friends of the British ruling class.

To the Enemy Across the Lines

I talk to you Comrade, because
a young man cannot sleep under the bare stars
when he may soon be dying with the open land
before him.
You are a German's son . . .
that does not make us different beings.
We have one past, and the words with which
we remember it, are alike words that are bitter
and wise.
We have eaten the same hunger
from the empty dish. We have scooped the same sorrow
with differently colored cups broken in the same places.
If we do not make in our mouths the same sounds
for our sorrow; if we do not wear fur robes
our rags tied in the same fashion; if we have lived
with different people who have thought different things
in the same way, like a worker thinks in all
times and in all places: still Comrades,
do we recognize each other with one gesture
even in a chance meeting, for we are born
of what is neither one land nor one
people, for we are that which is of all lands
and of all peoples.

PETER YORK.

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Cause Not Their Own"

A. S. COLLINS

The Olympic Games belong to the athletes and not to the politicians. . . . Germany's political policy within or without its borders has no bearing on the subject. The American Olympic Committee will never allow our athletes to be made martyrs to a cause not their own. . . .

—AVERY BRUNDAGE.

THE first time I met my friend Andrew was during the trouble over military training up at our college. Some one in the War Department had offered the trustees a big Assembly Hall that we needed very badly but the college had to promise that it would make the R.O.T.C. course compulsory. That was seven years ago and the police department down off the hill was ill tolerant of what the students did so we were able to get a permit for an open-air meeting. Our star speaker was a notoriously liberal lawyer from the town. Just as he mounted the ladder we heard the college cheer and the college song all at once from different directions and then we saw marching columns across the campus. They were carrying flares and all kinds of makeshift weapons over their shoulders, hoes, rakes, brooms and barrelstaves and they were advancing in formation. When they came nearer we saw that they were the whole football team in uniform, the baseball squad, the track team and the crew. They did nothing until our speaker opened his mouth and then they broke into the college yell.

We might have been deadlocked that way a long time, but after about five minutes of steady noise, a man stepped out on the balcony across the way and we saw that it was the President. We all gave him a cheer and he called for silence. Then he said he was an old man who had done his best for the school and he didn't like to see such scenes, he was retiring soon and he hoped his last year would not be troubled. As for military training, he would rather postpone the issue than face opposition one way or the other. As much as we could hope for. We gave a final roar of applause and broke up. As we were going down to the dorms, I recognized a fair-haired six-footer among the trackmen. It was Andrew, who roomed on my corridor.

We didn't say much that evening except exchange names but early next morning he knocked at my door and showed me the college paper. On the front page was a black headline announcing that the trustees at their meeting had voted unanimously to accept the War Department offer.

Andrew was never an articulate person but he didn't have to be to reveal the changes wrought in him by his brooding over this problecross through the following week. He was only eighteen and ending his sophomore year. His family were North Dakota homesteaders, grandchildren of German refugees of '48. They grew wheat and his mother raised pheasant, partridge and quail. There may be something in prenatal influence or in babyhood familiarity with wings and flying things. Already Andrew had distinguished himself in all the field sports which took the body from the ground, he had what astrologers call an affinity for air. His body seemed formed for the flying end of the hop-step-and-jump or the pole vault. He wasn't much of a swimmer (he only learned at college) but his diving was a thrill to watch. I was still overcoming the effects of cadavers and anatomical charts which showed tissues being peeled off skeletons and cloven sections of bone or brain and I remember how pleasant it was to recover the sense of the naturalness of the human figure the afternoon I first saw him dive into the pool. Perhaps he would never be a world's champion in any one athletic feat; his was the body of the classic athlete and sport was part of it. These soarings, jumps and flights were natural to him and would always be, they were not the thin-edged product of coached technique. He was high-grade material, an all-round field man for our team. It was quite a shock to the coach when Andrew wrote him a brief note at the end of the week rejecting the "confidential" scholarship which had been offered to him for the next term. The following year, he did not come back at all.

When he came to New York several years later, I managed to get him some work modeling for a sculptor I knew. The next summer he picked up a job on a tobacco farm in Connecticut. It was near a railroad yard. One of the engineers taught him a good deal about steam engines and locomotives. Before the end of the summer, he was running one of those mammoth derricks which swing whole cars at roundhouses and embarkation piers. He found that his union had a sports affiliate; he became its outstanding performer. His work and the years had strengthened him and his assurance in the air. Slowly he gained regional and state championships. Competition was restricted however for labor-sports organizations and in order to enter major tournaments, Andrew accepted a "sponsored" membership and wore the colors of a prominent New York club.

Andrew looked in on me three weeks ago. What had I been reading about the Nazi Olympics? On demand, his club had given him spectators' tickets to the Amateur Athletic Union convention over at the Commodore. We spent the afternoon there. During the roll-call which side-tracked the debate, we overheard conversations among the delegates about us. One paunchy old soak was berating a reference to "the social implications of sport."

"Social implications my eye! The New York Athletic Club fought for human liberty by keeping open the longest bar in New York right through prohibition!"

We were not there the next day when the convention endorsed the Nazi Olympics, but at dusk Andrew raced to my room with the morning paper in his hands. It was a very black headline. College papers don't use the bold types that you find in tabloids. He grasped eagerly at the few sentences censuring Hitlerism, jabbing with the elbow while greeting with the hand. He recited them aloud. He read the resolution which urges the Olympic Committee to be wary that "democratic principles" are observed in Berlin. He volunteered to serve on an investigating jury at his union's expense. He was back the next day with a letter from some A.A.U. official. It was a nice letter saying nothing. Then scrawled in longhand as P.S. was "You're a queer duck!"

He has been in town ever since, on leave from his job as union representative in sports matters. Whenever I see him these days, there's a flash in my mind, a montage you might call it, of all the dives I've seen him do, of all the graceful flying over high marks, spiked soles dripping ders and clearing a wand sky-high, the pple arms and his yellow hair against a l. That's how he looks in The Sunda l ies picture of Potential Members of the American Olympic Team. But he doesn't walk that way. He might be wearing irons for the way he walks. And to see that slender boy stoop makes a liar of the light.

Editorials and exposes seem rather wan. Nobody appears to have been deceived by the scandalous sellout. But we are able to protest, to make our words into lead, to share them. We have our indignation. I watch Andrew writhe with a barb in his own body. A temple is beleaguered, a temple with a mysterious virtue, a knack of flight. After the years Andrew has struggled to preserve the almost lyric purity of his body's flight, after sacrifice because he could not array his body in a uniform and march it with a dri orps, aft r privation because he could not j for hire, he now finds himself helpless, m r of a propaganda device, raising money for the arch-enemy of all devotion, the day nears when he is to exhibit himself as a performing freak in order that thousands of visitors may spend their millions on Nazi railroads, goods, hotels. He doesn't fit in the endless military formations which I read are on the Olympic schedule.

Already he has been threatened—"Wind up in an ashcan same as Jesse Owens might have!"—if he goes getting ideas in his head. He's being bullied, he'll be a slacker and weaken the American team if he doesn't go over. What's become of his democratic ideas? Andrew is asked. That's the way things are done in this country, be a good sport.

I don't know what Andrew is going to do about it. He walks furtively and hides away. He is like a man defending his little treasure. Not even this one youthful talent, this small joy, is exempt from greed.

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Correspondence

Discrimination Against Artists

To THE NEW MASSES:

Nobody need be surprised in these days of an advancing hysteria for nationalism, to find an increase of repressive acts against the foreign-born. Last week, however, it cropped up in an entirely new quarter.

When those interested in art heard the announcement a year ago of Mayor La Guardia's handpicked committee of 100 to lay plans for a municipal art gallery it was welcome news except for those members and friends of the Artists Union who had cause to be a bit skeptical. The union had long agitated for such a gallery and art center and had carefully planned how it should be carried out. Not trusting artists to know anything about art, the Mayor announced the idea as his own and proceeded to place the project in the hands of people he knew he could trust. That his faith was justified was shown a week before the scheduled opening of the first exhibition.

Yasuo Kunioshi, one of the country's best known painters, was the first to discover how well the committee had worked. Although from the beginning of his art career Kunioshi has been identified in the art life of the city as an American and a New Yorker, his Japanese birth forever prevents him from becoming a citizen, and according to the ruling of the comittee, an exhibitor. Such is the city's reward to a painter who has done as much as any one to enrich the cultural life of his community.

Hitler and his Nazi gang have long made the purity of race the sole condition for participation in the arts, but on hearing of this joker that the Mayor's Committee had inserted in its plans, a large group of leading artists has already swung into action to see that "it can't happen here." Letters of protest have been sent to La Guardia and Mrs. Henry Breckenridge, chairman of the committee, demanding the removal of the alien clause and doubtless the next week will see further steps taken to make the gallery an institution of which New Yorkers need not be ashamed. R. T. L.

Drolette on Trial Jan. 7

To THE NEW MASSES:

Last July the German liner Bremen steamed into New York Harbor flying the swastika, emblem of the Nazi butchers of Hitler's Germany. Incensed by this flaunting of the "Black Flag of Piracy" thousands of Americans stormed the docks, and ripped the swastika from the ship and flung it into the river. The police swooped down upon the crowd, and six of us were thrown into jail.

The Nazi government demanded an apology from Washington—and got it. The "Bremen incident" was an international topic of conversation. It was front-page news in all the papers, and the radio carried the story into millions of homes.

The five of us, whose names are attached to this letter, were taken into court, where Magistrate Brodsky dismissed our cases, and handed down his famous "Black Flag of Piracy" decision, which again aroused Hitler to protest to Washington, and to issue a decree making the swastika emblem of the Nazi party the national flag of Germany.

For a time the papers kept the story alive. Then, under the stress of new events, dropped it entirely. They forgot that the most heroic of all the "Bremen Six," Edward Drolette, still faced serious charges. On board the Bremen a Jewish detective was beaten by members of the Nazi crew who mistook him for an enemy of Hitler because of his Semitic features. Edward Drolette was accused of beating this detective with brass knuckles. On January 7, he goes to court, charged with assault.

We who have been freed of the charges against s know Eddie Drolette, and recognize in him the champion of all who believe in the American traditions as opposed to the barbaric and brutal forces of the Nazi regime. We shall do what we can to see that he does not go to prison because of his anti-Nazi activities. But we cannot do this alone.

We appeal to all who believe in democratic freedom and civil liberties to support Drolette in this case. Pack the court room on the day of his trial. Send protests. Rush funds to the International Labor Defense, 112 East 19th Street, to help pay the cost of the defense, printing of minutes of former hearings, etc. Show your solidarity with this young seaman who had the courage to demonstrate his hatred of Hitler's degenerate brutality. With your help we shall win.

WILLIAM BAILY, GEORGE BLACKWELL,
VICTOR MCCORMACK, ARTHUR BLAIR,
WILLIAM HOWE.

Mother Bloor's Anniversary

To THE NEW MASSES:

Among all the leaders in the labor movement today, Mother Ella Reeve Bloor stands out as one of the most loved, the most militant, the most remarkable.

Seventy-four years old—and yet she takes vigorous part in the sharpening struggles for workers' rights, against war and fascism. At an age when so many women resignedly accept the sweet inactive role of grandmother, Mother Bloor travels long distances, shares the discomforts of workers' lives, goes to jail to speed the organization of women and men for decent living conditions and for the fight against war. This year she completes 45 years of active participation in the American labor movement.

In honor of this remarkable woman and as an affectionate tribute to the invaluable service she has given, a group of her co-workers and friends have arranged a Mother Bloor 45th Anniversary Banquet, to be held Friday evening, January 24, 1936, in the Hotel Lismore (73rd St., west of Broadway), at seven o'clock.

This banquet could never be a fitting tribute to Mother Bloor without the active support of the trade unions and other labor organizations, of which this militant working class leader is such an intrinsic part.

PAULINE ROGERS, Secretary,
Mother Bloor Anniversary Committee.

Far, Far Away

To THE NEW MASSES:

Stark Young, in reviewing Clifford Odets' *Paradise Lost* for The New Republic, complains that he could not accept the characters as middle-class people because they were not *soignés** which to him the bourgeoisie apparently always are. May I suggest that this is because Mr. Young is such a professional representative of the territory which is way down upon the Soignés River?

Birmingham, Ala. T. S. GLASGOW.

* Well-groomed.

Boycott Nazi Dance Meet!

To THE NEW MASSES:

Your readers are of course familiar with the international campaign to boycott the Olympics, but attention should be called to another Nazi ruse which is connected with the Olympics.

The Nazi government is campaigning to hold an International Dance Festival next July, in conjunction with the Olympics. In this campaign they are being aided by Mary Wigman and Rudolf von Laban, whose names are used as an attraction and assurance to the artists whose participation they are soliciting.

To anyone, even remotely familiar with Nazi-ism, the very idea of the Festival is a nauseating joke. But we can be quite sure that the Nazis will move heaven and earth to inveigle the support of dancers everywhere. It it therefore essential that everything possible be done to boycott the Festival.

The New Dance League's program against war, fascism and censorship will direct its major efforts against this International Dance Festival, according to their anouncement in the current New Theater Magazine. They are requesting the support of all anti-fascists everywhere. Readers of THE NEW MASSES can function effectively in this matter if they write personal protests against this latest threat to art by a regime which has consistenly proved itself the arch destroyer of art. Such letters should be sent to the Committee to Boycott the German Dance Festival, c/o New Dance League, 55 W. 45th St., New York J. G. WATERBURY.

Letters in Brief

The Executive Committee of the Anti-Fascist Association of the Staffs of City College has sent a strong protest to Dr. Rightmire, President of Ohio State University, for his exclusion of the American Student Union Conference from the University's campus. "In attacking the liberal student movement you attack all Americans who believe in freedom of assembly and discussion," was the Committee's indictment.

Lola de la Torriente, refugee from the Battista terror in Cuba was arrested in Miami, Florida, for deportation to Cuba where the Mendieta-Battista regime is prepared to imprison and persecute her for activities against the governmental tyranny now prevalent there. The American Committee for Protection of Foreign-Born asks NEW MASSES readers to protest to Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, against this denial of asylum to refugees from Cuba.

A League Against Yellow Journalism has been organized in Berkeley, Calif. The League has issued a million stickers with the caption "I DON'T READ HEARST." The stickers are a little larger than postage stamps and may be pasted on letters.

Sentences totalling twenty-six years at hard labor against five Burlington textile workers were upheld by the North Carolina Supreme Court. The men are accused—on what has been exposed as a frame-up—of dynamiting a mill during a strike. The explosion occurred in an abandoned part of the mill causing damage estimated at $12.50. The defense charges that the dynamite was planted by agents wishing to gain convictions against active members of the United Textile Workers Union. The I. L. D. asks for funds to carry an appeal to the U. S. Supreme Court.

NEW THEATER NIGHT

SUN. JANUARY 12
At the CIVIC REPERTORY
"Let Freedom Ring" Actors Troupe
in
PRIVATE HICKS
Prizewinning play by Albert Maltz
Hymn to the Rising Sun
By Paul Green
ANGELO HERNDON
By E. England and J. North
UNTO SUCH GLORY
By Paul Green

TICKETS: 35c—$1.50
NEW THEATER, 156 W. 44th. BRy. 9-8378
NEW THEATER LEAGUE 55 W. 45th.
LOn. 5-9116 ● BOOKSHOPS.

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Are Women HAPPIER in the U. S. S. R.

?

Tatiana Tchernavin says NO

Mme. Tchernavin, author of "Escape from the Soviets," daughter of a scientist, spent several years in the Soviet Union. Her book provoked a violent controversy when it came out.

Anna Louise Strong says YES

Anna Louise Strong is the editor of "Moscow Daily News" and author of "I Change Worlds," a story of her transition from bourgeois America to Soviet Russia. She is internationally known as both a writer and speaker.

DEBATE

Auspices: NEW MASSES FORUM

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, at 8:30 P. M.

FRANK PALMER

***Editor of The People's Press*, CHAIRMAN**

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Singing Workers

MARCHING! MARCHING! by Clara Weatherwax. John Day Company, New York. $1.90. (NEW MASSES Prize Novel and Book Union Selection for January.)

"HOLD the fort for we are coming—" is still being sung on one of the great battlefields of the class-struggle war—the Northwest Coast. It never stopped from the days when the Wobblies battled and sang their great way from ship to harvest field, from logging camps to canneries, from picket lines and jails. The new voices of clamdiggers, loggers, longshoremen, lumber-mill workers, factory employes have joined the chorus—a chorus which has kept the air filled with its challenge through strike and lockout, in the face of vigilantes, police and militia guns, against starvation, tar and feathers.

That is it! The singing army can never be conquered. Operatic arias may fling themselves against the starched shirt fronts of plush-seat music "lovers" and be forgotten the next hour; Tin Pan Alley sells millions of copies of its latest hits and finds its masterpieces in the rubbish heap. But the song of the marching workers will never die as long as the battle is on.

They'll tell you that out there in the Northwest. Not only the workers but the police, the sheriffs, the mill owners, the Chambers of Commerce, the members *in good standing* of all so-called patriotic and vigilante committees. You just can't *down* a singing worker.

It is of these workers, class-war soldiers with the song on their lips, that Clara Weatherwax has written in her novel, of these-never-to-be-downed workers.

Like the giant trees of the country which she writes about, the story has its roots deep in the class struggle. From the first lines: "He was sitting on the hill, dead tired, hands between his outstretched legs, thinking: *Must be about whistle time"* to the last words in the book: *"The signalling hands go down in unison and we're all singing. . . ."* It is a chronicle of the lives, the ordinary and extraordinary struggles, the tearing assunder of the *working* flesh by down-at-the-heel machines, the breaking of human ties, the unhumanity and unmorality of the exploiting class, the so-called "good citizens," the newspapers and the courts.

It is all woven into a tapestry at once dreadful in its reality and colorful in its moods, sharp and crisp like slogans on banners and with a constant beat (Marching! Marching!) of sledge-hammer intensity that makes your heart, rather than your eyes and mind, receive the meaning of the words spread out on the pages.

This is not an unfamiliar story. Wage cuts, stool pigeons, frameups, attacks on workers, suicides, the Law that breaks its very own Law, raids upon peaceful homes, the warm sympathy among workers regardless of color or race, the strike and the United Front. . . . This is all too deeply engraved upon the minds of those who have lived with seeing eyes and listening ears to be new or startling. But the bold characteristics, the fresh and vital ring as the story is told, the rhythm that forces the reader to run from word to word, from sentence on to paragraph, to the next chapter—running along in fear that he find himself out of step with all that is happening—this the author *makes* you do! Out of breath herself in her great hurry to tell the story, as if she has just heard it herself for the first time and cannot contain herself until she has told the world about it, the momentum which has started her carries her readers along till the last words.

It is just that that takes this novel out of the realm of just another novel and places it in the first rank.

The individuality of the protagonists (and they are all that) is lost and becomes enmeshed in the treadmill-like movement of the story, marching forward until, when the whole impact of the social forces in and about them are released, they seem not to exist as persons of known name and address or even as leaders but they become gigantic symbols.

But it is of their separate actions and destinies, their fists and blood that the final symbol of united action—the March of the Pickets—is forged.

But it must not be supposed that the novelist has created in her novel a sort of "collective" revolutionary worker. On the contrary, she has revealed to the reader the inner thoughts and ruminations of her characters so that a complete portrait of the character is achieved without going into past history. Thus, when Granny Whittle, the old lady of New England—D.A.R. origins—hears Steve, the revolutionary pianist who uses his elbows in addition to his hands, play stirring rebel music at a gathering of workers, she is thinking to herself: *They* (the rest of the audience)

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anything to unlearn like I do. ot a headstart on me; they're open to it we get Granny Whittle's background as no case history could.

And there are many other illuminating scalpel dissections of the thoughts of the marching workers.

I have a feeling that when, in the future, a history of proletarian literature is written, it will date a certain period with this novel.

Truly, proletarian literature is marching. The momentum of the revolutionary movement drives it on, carries it on, makes it keep step with it. This novel would not have been accepted five or two years ago. It wouldn't have fitted into the grooves carved out by would-be critics of proletarian literature. These prophets of "what is, is not, cannot be, may not be, literature of the class struggle" may not even accept this novel as coming within their strict rules.

But it was inevitable for this novel to be written. The workers won't have any trouble understanding it. And if they do stumble here and there, they won't mind learning because this is of them and for them.

EMJO BASSHE.

More Light on Mark Twain's Ordeal

MARK TWAIN'S NOTEBOOK, edited by Albert Bigelow Paine. Harper and Brothers. $4.

IN HIS column in The Daily Worker, Mike Gold recently claimed Mark Twain as "one of ours," as a forerunner of the revolutionary movement in American literature. If one remembers the deadly attacks on imperialism, race persecution and militarism in "To the Person Sitting in Darkness," "War Prayer," and "The United States of Lyncherdom," the claim seems not unreasonable, for few writers have denounced capitalism more bitterly than Mark Twain did on one or two occasions.

But Mark Twain, as the *Notebook* shows, was a long way from being revolutionary. He was, indeed, in most respects a typical petty bourgeois of the late nineteenth century. It has been often pointed out that he was frantically eager to make a lot of money. The *Notebook* is full of reference to inventions, patents, investments and securities, and Mr. Paine says that he has eliminated many of the records of money-making schemes because they were so dull. If one can judge from his journals, Clemens was never so deeply interested in any of his books as he was in Paige's typesetter, and it is worth noting that, in listing the advantages of this machine he mentions the fact that it does not belong to a union. He was proud to have dinner with Andrew Carnegie and his gratitude to H. H. Rogers of Standard Oil was so strong that he damned to hell a man who wanted him to publish a book attacking Rogers' company.

Even in his moods of rebellion, Mark Twain was a petty bourgeois. The one political crusade in which he joined was the attack on monarchy: he wrote *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* and the *Notebook* is full of eloquent denunciation of kings and nobles. The American petty bourgeois had had reason to denounce monarchy a hundred years earlier, but the issue was not altogether pertinent in the United States of the eighteen-eighties. Moreover, as the *Notebook* reveals, Mark Twain, like any other good petty-bourgeois democrats, lost much of his anti-aristocratic bias when nobility started patting him on the head. The lack of enthusiasm with which he viewed a demonstration of the Berlin proletariat in 1892 contrasts unpleasantly with the warmth that enters into his description of his meeting with the emperor and, later, his meeting with a collection of princesses.

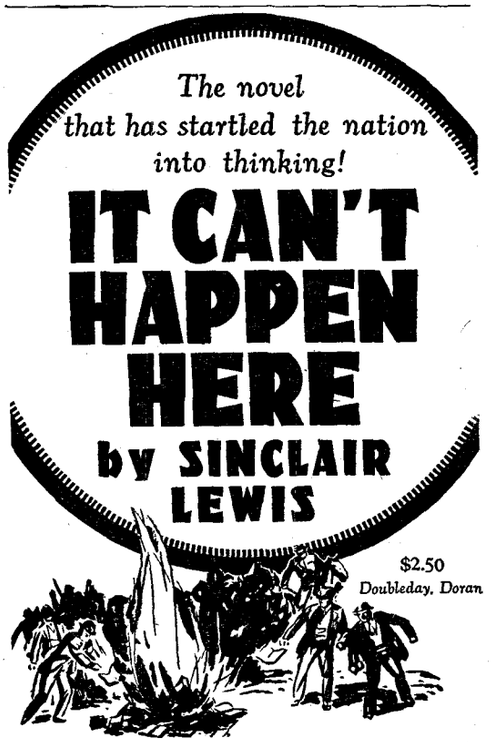
His other revolt was against organized religion, and there are many sharp and irreverent comments on churches in the *Notebook*. But it must be remembered that he dared publish few of these criticisms during his lifetime. His one strongly anti-religious book, *What Is Man?*, went unpublished for many years and finally appeared anonymously. And *What Is Man?* shows how confused and uninformed his opposition to religion was. To a scientific materialist, it seems not only sophomoric but largely irrelevant to the real issues religion raises. One can only compare it to some of the early attacks of the less-informed bourgeois rationalists of the eighteenth century.

There are two passages in the *Notebook*, both written in the eighties, that make clear just how typical of his class Mark Twain was. "We Americans," one of them reads, "worship the almighty dollar. Well, it is a worthier god than Hereditary Privilege." The other is: "Instead of giving the people decent wages, church and gentry and nobility made them work for them for nothing, pauperized them, then fed them with alms and persuaded themselves that alms-giving was the holiest work of God and the giver sure to go to heaven, whereas one good wage-giver was worth a million of them to the state." Aristocracy was always the villain in Mark Twain's mind and by contrast capitalist enterprise was the hero.

There is nothing very surprising about all this, but it is worth pointing out, not only because it ought to discourage extravagant claims, but also because it has a definite bearing on Mark Twain's literary development. Ever since Van Wyck Brooks published his *Ordeal of Mark Twain*, there has been a savage controversy, reaching its climax in Bernard De Voto's diatribes against Brooks. Brooks' thesis is that Mark Twain's life was a tragedy, that he had in him the potentialities of a very great writer and that these potentialities never came to fulfillment.

The evidence for this contention seems to me so overwhelming that I can only regard De Voto's venomous objections as a defense of the right of an author to be immature. No one denies Mark Twain's genius, least of all Van Wyck Brooks, but Brooks does say that Mark Twain never grew up and the facts support him. There is nothing finer in American literature than a few scattered chapters of *Tom Sawyer*, the first two-thirds of *Huckleberry Finn*, the first half of *Life on the Mississippi*, two or three episodes in *The Gilded Age*, certain passages in *Roughing It*, half-a-dozen short stories and a couple of essays. But what can be said for the Injun Joe episode in *Tom Sawyer*, the rescue of Jim in *Huckleberry Finn*, the melodrama of *The Gilded Age*, the sentimentality of *Joan of Arc*, the slap-stick of *The Connecticut Yankee*, the low spots of *Innocents Abroad*, the flat stretches of *Following the Equator* or the sophomoric bathos of *What Is Man?* And what can be said for a writer who never wrote a single book that was good from start to finish, that did not demand apologies for a third or a half of its contents? All that can be said is just what Brooks did say: Mark Twain was a genius who never grew up.

Where Brooks fails is in his explanation, which is idealistic in the bad sense. He does not take into account the effect on Mark Twain of the age in which he lived. And it is on that point that the evidence of the *Notebook* must be taken into account. We must remember that the world in which Samuel Clemens grew up was, to a great extent, actually a democratic world. In the Missouri of his boyhood, on the Mississippi River when he was a pilot and in Nevada and California of the sixties, class distinc-



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tions (except in so far as slavery was concerned) were few and easily overcome. It was only after he had come East, made his trip to the Holy Land, married the daughter of a wealthy man and settled down in Hartford, that he really saw the kind of exploitation that capitalist industrialism had brought about. His first thirty years were spent in a democracy; his last forty-five in a plutocracy. The plutocracy had grown out of the democracy; its seeds were in the ambitions of just such pioneer individualists as Samuel Clemens; but the democracy had existed.

This is significant. Mark Twain developed just as any man in his environment might have been expected to. The national transition from democracy to plutocracy corresponded to his own transition from relative poverty to relative wealth. In his own way he belonged to the gilded age. But he was not happy in it, for, though he approved its values as a man, he could not approve them as a writer. Plutocratic capitalism had nothing to give his imagination; he was not really at home with it; as a writer he could not come to terms with it. That is why, in his most successful books, he turned back to the Mississippi Valley he had known as a boy and young man.

To a certain extent, then, Mike Gold is right: Mark Twain is, if not exactly one of ours, then certainly not one of the enemy's. He belongs in the democratic tradition and to the extent that we are heirs of that tradition we can claim him. His best work, though it is not proletarian, is not incompatible with the proletarian spirit. His failures belong to the bourgeoisie, which could not nourish him, could not help him to grow up, could not give him any but pecuniary values. If he could have continued to live in the near-democracy of the mid-century West or if there had been a militant proletariat, the result might have been different.

The fact that Mark Twain is the most popular of American writers may be interpreted in many ways, but I suspect that Newton Arvin's explanation, presented in a New Republic article last June, is not far from the truth. "He is read," Arvin said, "not because he makes experience more intelligible or enriches the imagination with the possibilities of new experience, but because he cooperates with the desire to play hooky." But Arvin, though correct in saying that Mark Twain has provided his millions of readers with an escape from the complexities of modern industrial civilization, fails to ask one important question: escape to what? The answer is that he leads them not merely into the personal past of individual boyhood but into the past of the nation, into the era of democracy, when classes were pretty much limited to the decadent old Continent and the effete East and effort and ambition meant something. Ever since Appomatox, the masses of the petty bourgeosie and the more hopeful sections of the proletariat have been looking backward. They have had their moments of irritation and disillusionment, just as Mark Twain had, but they consolation in memories of the go free competition and their most ra has been, as in the muckraking e to restore it. Only recently has th tion grown that the future alone ca the evils of the present. The Amer ple have had enough of looking b the heirs of Mark Twain must teac look ahead. GRANVILLE

Canal-Building "Aristocrats"

BELOMOR, An account of the Construction of the New Canal between the White Sea and the Baltic Sea (a collective work by 34 Soviet authors). Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $3.

"OUR world, that is, the criminal world, is going to pot. . . . The underworld is going to pot. I won't say as much for other countries, but it looks like this at home, and even if it isn't so just now, it soon will be."

The speaker is Abe Rothenburg, not long since an international thief and confidence man, now a shock-brigader at Belomorstroy. He is addressing a group of recalcitrant "Article 35 men," thieves and cutthroats of whom he himself had been one.

Here in America we've heard a lot lately about the "G-men" and their activities, through screen, radio and feature yarn. We've heard a lot about the "hot seat" and its socially-curative virtues—old Arthur Brisbane fairly glows and itches as he talks of it. Yet the Dutch Schultz headlines keep up. We've learned something, meanwhile, about the successful "underworld" bandit. We know that he plays golf and bridge and polo and may even read *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh.* In short, so far as social morality is concerned, there is not a hair's line of difference between an Andy Mellon and an Al Capone; one is in beer, the other's in steel and finance, that is all. And if Arthur B. is so excited over the salutary effects of a high voltage, it is because he is thinking of his own and his boss' pelf.

But what, in all this, of the criminal himself, as a potentially useful member of a decent society? Oh, yes, we have our "humane" and "understanding" wardens, our prison reforms, etc. We also have our chain gangs and our Angelo Herndons. And we all know what happened recently when a man from the Big House thought of making a comeback by way of the baseball di

Intelligent penologists have long sinc away from the old Lombroso theory of as degeneration. They know that th are social. The only thing is, you don say it too loudly in a society that is in name only. Perhaps as typical an e as any is the old Italian variety of l Signor Capone's forbear; and Ignazio has pointed out that this type start social rebel, by "taking justice into h hands." We have also reread our Hood in the light of Marx. Maxim sums it up, when he says in his epilo *Belomor:*

> This, of course, is r anticism . . . some believe that it is more profitable to be than to be a lackey; others become "ene society," because bourgeois life is bori gray. They see the painful antithesis—th less of the rich and the dwarfed and intelligence of the poor. To critical an tive minds the antithesis is painful and ot and so in some people the natural roma of youth is changed into the evil and ar romanticism or desperation.

In other words, the thing that ail criminal is the same thing that ails artist: a romantic individualism, an grown ego. Klaus Mann brings this his just-published life of Tschaikowsk speaks of how amazed Tschaikowsky have been, had anyone attempted to him into a discussion of a social or po question. The author adds: "The (for him) was as isolated from society was the criminal; his isolation merely to a different form. Upon the two of them upon the genius as upon the criminal society bestowed fame as a recognition their perilous and abnormal existence. F was the pariah's brand."

We all know by this time what capi society has done to the artist and to the l breaker. We are likewise aware of w

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kers' state is doing for its artists. we have heard something of the n system, we have not before had ike the picture afforded *Belomor* forging" of criminals into men and merely useful but leading members ety that is being glamorously built joy—and the romance—of collec- lized labor.

in a telegram to Moscow that one fficials in charge at Belomorstroy ly (at the time) employed the word ats" with reference to the crew of and assassins who had been put to pon the breath-taking project of build- thin a time limit of twenty months or ning like 500 working days, the great e Sea-Baltic Canal, 227 kilometers long, has opened up whole vast new s of a new continent and a new civ- n. The word was caught up by the Soviet Union and the canal-builders n a very real sense taken their place the "aristocrats" of constructive social- N. Pogadin recently wrote a play about play with the title *Aristokraty,* one Moscow went to see. And Stalin turn aside and weep as these "Aristo- filed past him in review.

mor, however, has more than this to s. It shows us what effect the sight h an achievement has had upon those outcasts, the artists, in this case the writers. Here is the first shining n to reach us of that new "collective " of which there has been talk ever he Moscow Writers' Congress of last A book written by thirty-four authors, work in common revision has been lded into a homogeneous whole that, the exception of Gorky's word and a acknowledged rewrite by Zoshchenko, ontribution of one is indistinguishable that of another. The writers have from their subject, the canal-builders, s Malraux puts it, "Communism re- to the individual his inherent fertility." d *Belomor.* It is one of the world's books. Great in the first dazzling , as of dawn, which it unfolds of the sible reaches of a humanity that has been e freed from the fetters of the profit sys- . You will see, among other things, at Belomorstroy did, not alone for the eves and murderers, but for the bourgeois neers of the old regime, the saboteurs, the "wreckers." You will see, as well, what it did to the G.P.U. men in charge, those "dread secret police," according to Mr. Hearst and the radio announcer, but whom we here behold for what they are, "the body-guard of the proletariat" (the phrase is Gorky's). As one of the "reforged" expresses it: "I know that the G.P.U. not only punishes, but also saves."

All this you will find crowded into 300 and more pages that are packed and brimming with color, with humor of a peculiarly Russian variety that has been effectively carried over into the English version and above all, with a simple, winning, almost overwhelming humaneness of feeling, insight and of vision.

You will see, finally what Belmorstroy means, not only to the Soviet Union, but to our own fast perishing Dutch-Schultz-Al-Capone-Andrew-Mellon civilization and its reputed culture.

SAMUEL PUTNAM.

Future Case History

WITH NAPOLEON IN RUSSIA, by General de Caulaincourt. Abridged, edited and with an Introduction by George Lebaire. Illustrated. William Morrow & Co. $4.

AT ONE point during his Russian campaign Napoleon, learning that the rank and file of his army was appealed to by the Russians, remonstrated that he might have offered freedom to the Russian serfs. He didn't. Earlier, however, the armies of Revolutionary France had helped to upset thrones in Europe by manifestoes to the masses. But the Emperor of the newly-established French bourgeoisie was not interested in upsetting thrones or raising the masses.

The issues in the war with Russia were economic. Napoleon hoped to bring down the rival British imperialism by destroying its trade. He attempted to enforce a European embargo on British products. When his "ally" the Czar Alexander let British goods in, in the vessels of neutral countries, he embarked upon a campaign of chastisement, a campaign which became one of the major disasters in military history.

Napoleon ran back to France leaving his army to freeze and starve to death and mark the line of its retreat with scores of thousands of corpses. Yet Napoleon retains the admiration of a bourgeois world in which anarchic egotism is a virtue.

Recently there have been biographies of Communist revolutionary leaders, Lenin, Stalin, Dimitrov. Contrast them with the portrait of the archetype of bourgeois careerism, Napoleon, who followed his "star," who sought to squeeze the destiny of humanity into his personal destiny. "When I need anyone," Napoleon said to Caulaincourt, "I don't make too fine a point about it; I would kiss his ——." He might have added, "When I want something, I don't make too fine a point about it. I kill half a million men."

The Communist leaders follow no star, are unconscious of personal destiny. In their biographies, the personality is deep in the background. Their lives are the building up of mass parties, of the working out of the principles of a new science, the Marxist science of human relationships in the human struggle with nature for an abundant life. ... when audiences are still bourgeois and biography is still the record of notorious egotists, the lives of Communist leaders may seem drab. There will be a time, however, when the lives of Napoleon and other bourgeois heroes will be repulsive case histories.

Caulaincourt's memoirs, now published more than a century after they were set down, have their value. They add nothing new, but they make clear the insane reaches of Napoleon's egotism.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

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Socialized Medicine Without Socialism?

THE PATIENT'S DILEMMA, by S. A. Tannenbaum, M.D. and Paul Maerker Branden. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

LIKE every other feature of capitalist competition, modern medicine is shot through with humbug, petty profiteering and fraud. Thirty-five years of contact with the ins and outs of medical practice have convinced the authors of *The Patient's Dilemma* of this fact.

In 1932, the Wilbur report found that millions of Americans had died for want of suitable medication, that most of the population gets little or no medical service, that preventive medicine is hardly ever practised or preached, that in many cases fees are so high as to be ruinous to persons who happen to get sick and that those who can afford to pay surgeons' prices are often operated on unnecessarily. No clear-eyed physician or sociologist will deny this. But this is *only a sample* of the negligence, waste and racketeering in modern medical practice where high fees, hocus-pocus examinations, profit-making clinics, fee-splitting and workmen's compensation rackets are hushed up by a conspiracy of silence called "medical ethics." Profits pile up in clinics and dispensaries because doctors are forced to work for little or nothing under a hurry-up system which makes sloppiness the rule. "Charity" cases often provide luscious opportunities for untrained internes to experiment with live human guinea pigs.

Moreover, the public spends millions each year on quacks, cultists, health-undermining patent medicines, poison food products, all flourishing under a legal system which is ready to wink at such humbuggery for value received. Too often, the men delegated to draw up and enforce pure-food and drug acts are the very people who fill their pockets from profits in law-breaking foods and medicines.

What have the many State Medical Boards and professional societies done about all this? In every state, the highest paid specialists, consultants and surgeons—a bare 3 percent of the medical profession—control all committees, boards and journals. These men have blocked every progressive move to expose and remedy current malpractices in the field of medicine. They object to free clinics, free health education, health insurance and socialized medicine. *They object to health:* they advocate that sick benefits be discontinued, that clinics be closed, that the government lay off competitive medicine. In short, they advocate profits for themselves.

With all this, Dr. Tannenbaum and Mr. Branden are disgusted. They believe that Soviet Russia has solved the problem by training qualified doctors and by providing adequate health conditions and medical care for workers. But in prescribing for the United States they think that socialized medicine—the medical system of the U.S.S.R.—can be grafted onto the capitalist system. How this is possible they do not say. We suppose that one of these fine days a miracle will happen: the medical profiteers, bubbling over with the milk of human kindness, will suddenly realize the disgrace of their ways and will hand their fat private practices over to the state.

Let us go on from there. Suppose now that the capitalist state controls medicine. Can medicine be managed under capitalism without controlling industry, housing, city planning, education and social legislation as in Soviet Russia where workers' health, not profits, is paramount? Will capitalism clean up the filthy slum quarters in w have to live; will it do anythi disease-preparing speed-up in i long hours for starvation pay? vide incorruptible food inspecto sanitation measures, health specia see to it that working mothe months vacation before and after free care and extra allowance for food and clothing as in Soviet Ru all this be provided in a capitalist *by the capitalists?*

There are millions of unemploy streets hungry, sleepless, many in medical care. Most of them wo medical treatment for a cup of co and then. *Do* the capitalists pro them? *Will* the capitalists . . . *????*

H. N. FAIRC

Brief Reviews

LABOR UNDER HITLER, by the Research Department. (Chest for Liberation of Workers of Europe. 5 cents.) The leaders of German labor have been eliminated; the unions have been "coordinated" into a Labor Front incorporated into the German National Socialist Workers Party (Nazi Party); and reduced to harmless "cultural" functions. On the other hand the employers' associations are strengthened and as Reich Estates of Industries, Handicraft, Trade and Commerce and Agriculture, have governmental power behind them. The workers cannot strike and must accept the decisions of the Labor Courts. Even through the strict censorship and doctored Nazi statistics which the Research Depart had to use, a fearful picture of unemployment, low wages and destitution comes through and reveals the dark condition of German workers under Hitler.

THE MILITIA, by Walter Wilson. (Tomorrow, Publishers. 15 cents.) One of the illusions of capitalist democracy is a belief in the impartial nature of the state. Walter Wilson has written a historical survey of the militia from the American Revolution to the present giving examples of the coercive attitude of the militia whenever martial law was declared. Special reference is given to the "Tydings-McCormack Military Disobedience Bill which would imprison anyone who encouraged fraternization between strikers and soldiers" and which should be opposed by every intelligent citizen. The pamphlet is an excellent example of compact presentation of facts.

THE FREEDOM OF MAN, by H. Compton. (Yale University Press. The attempt to reconcile science with r has gone on ever since the days of S Recently the emphasis has shifted. Our holding scientists, anxious to preser decomposing capitalist systems, are tod fending religion against science. In thi Professor Compton joins their ranks.

TEL, by Hy Kravif. (Internat. Pamphlets. 5 cents.) The American T phone system reached a new high in the years 1932 and 1933. "Total net earni of $182 millions in 1934 were 14 mill greater than 1933," and then we see, the same time the number of Bell worl was reduced from 364,045 in 1929 to 2 497 in 1933." Besides this the "weekly p rolls of the telephone and telegraph work combined dropped 30.5 percent between 19 and 1934." Speed-up, mechanization and c creased periods of vacations are being ins tuted with inhuman zeal. It sounds incre ble! Then read Hy Kravif's *Tel* and s why the workers must reject company unions build their own and fight for living condi tions.

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The Dance

For Those "Not Interested" in the Dance

.E who were sensible or lucky gh to see the last two dance re- please turn the page. This review them. It is for you, Mr. or Miss -of-Social-Art who are interested amples of left-wing culture except e. You have been told, of course, year four thousand people packed ter Theater to see a handful of ancers in revolutionary solos. You en have heard, with due skepticism, rdes of otherwise sensible people stood in piercing cold rain to purchase the ge of standing in Carnegie Hall for hours during eight dances. Possibly ead that another capacity audience the Adelphi Theater a week later. theless, whenever the dance is men- you lift an eyebrow or turn on a izing smile in order to assure every- in sight that you are still an untouch-

is about time for you to wonder if by remote possibility you may be wrong. masses of devoted spectators may be en with a mania—that has happened re; but you can be positive that they not pound their hands to demand encores works that are innocuous or incompre- nsible. Nor do crowded revolutionary urnals devote columns to analyzing faddist stiches. The fact is: we are living in the idst of a genuine renascence, one of the ost exciting that has fructified America. nd there are no mysterious prerequisites or enjoyment, there is no mystical vocabu- ry. Fundamentally the dance is for anybody who has felt an emotional lift seeing a splendid arc in the flight of birds or other piercing instants of plastic grace. But the new dance is not interested exclusively in the beauty of body motion; it appreciates that the configuration of movements communicates emotions and ideas. In the dance of social consciousness, particularly, these ideas and emotions are legible.

There was in fact much more ideology than dancing in the first left-wing dances; a necessary process but one which had to be outgrown if there was to be a fusion of form and content. Last year the New Dance League electrified New York with a group of compositions that proclaimed a vast leap toward artistic maturity. This year their recital has produced no such repercussions—how could it?—but the dancers themselves have achieved far more skill and scope, and at least two unforgettable compositions.

The consistently excellent technic throughout the recital (Dec. 22) was nothing less than astonishing. Naturally this was especially apparent in those works unsuccessful as compositions — Rose Crystal's *We Need Space* (whose title bore no inherent kinship to the composition); Marie Marchowsky's *Conflict* (too reminiscent of Graham's *Imperial Gesture*); William Matons' *Mad Figure* (a routine illustration of a poem). The warm audience-response proved that the dancers made the most of hampering material. It also implied the need for more penetrating choreographic creativeness.

Two of the performers, on the other hand, gave brilliant demonstrations of the achievement of which our dancers are capable. Drawing her material from one of the *Songs About Lenin,* Sophie Maslow has created in dance form the contrasting moods of "In January he died," "In April he was born."

But the high point of the evening was Lily Mehlman's *Fatherland,* a group of three dances: *Heil, Defiance* and *Song of Affirmation.* We have seen many attempts at utilizing fascist symbolism, but never such creative use of symbols and never such savage intensity. There are no obvious tricks here, no glib maneuvers of design. With driving lyricism *Fatherland* registers the shame and degradation of German fascism, the desperate defiance, and in another emotional key, the prophetic note of affirmation. In our opinion this work is the flower of all our efforts at anti-fascist, anti-Nazi art.

The program included several satires, a welcome emphasis but one which brings its own problems; for nothing is more exacting of precise invention and execution, and nothing is sadder than a satire that misses fire. Anna Sokolow's *Speaker* began in apparently forthright terms but it suddenly emerged as travesty. Similar confusion thwarted the effect of her *Impressions of a Dance Hall,* whose mood was irony until it suddenly melted into pathos, blunting the emotion of the whole. Jane Dudley's *Liberal* registered its witty point but her other three portraits blurred. Jose Limon and Letitia Ide made a dazzling thing of *Nostalgic Moments*—overlong but studded with passages of beautiful irony and splendidly performed. With disingenuous sureness Merle Hirsch turned *Valse Sentimentale* into a witty fragment.

The dances performed at the recital for the benefit of the International Labor Defense (Carneigie Hall, Dec. 15) have been reviewed before, but revisions have been made in three new dances and with interesting results. Martha Graham's *Imperial Gesture* has been enriched by specific political symbolism. Although the new material has not been quite assimilated it is a much deeper and stronger work. Tamiris has considerably shortened her anti-militarist *Maneuvers,* but at the sacrifice of needed irony. She has strengthened her *Middle Ground* by discarding the color literalisms; but the whole conception of this work still remains inadequate. Doris Humphrey describes her *New Dance* as "the growth of an individual in relationship to his fellows within an imaginary state." The superabundant energy of this work, its magnificent color and the driving music by Wallingford Rieger inspired the audience to a prolonged ovation. It is by no means an easy work to follow, but a second seeing clarifies the sequence and rewards one again with its gorgeous lyricism.

Charles Weidman's *Stock Exchange* was the only new number. Like several of his new works, it proclaims his growing interest in social themes, but it is still a first draft. It moves with a fine gusto, broad comic strokes and sputtering iron ironics.

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Anna Sokolow's *Strange American Funeral* closed the program, and as those familiar with the interpretation of Michael Gold's poem know it is a work of large significance. By the use of an amplifier, the singer's voice acquired a strange quality supremely attuned to the nerves of the dancer. Anna Sokolow has proved that the poem-dance can be incomparably more than the tiresome pantomimic illustration if one has the necessary creativeness. That she has this is brilliantly apparent in the constant freshness and "inevitableness" with which the dancers flow from one design into another. Dance as well as poetry can "surprise by a fine excess."

STANLEY BURNSHAW.

[Note to the New Dance League Management: Isn't it time to overcome the disgraceful amateurishness which permits false cues, wrong lighting, changed programs, etc. to mar your recitals? The unswept stage is not only a trial to your dancers but an insult to your audiences.]

Current Theater

Let Freedom Ring, by Albert Bein (Civic Repertory Theater). Grace Lumpkin's strike novel in a powerful dramatization revived by the Theater Union. One of the most moving social plays of our time. Attendance required.

Ghosts, with Alla Nazimova (New Empire). More than half a century of playing has not tamed the force of Ibsen's great social explosion, and in all its long history it has never been touched off with more precision than Nazimova's incomparable acting and direction give it.

Pride and Prejudice (Plymouth Theater). Helen Jerome's remarkably adept dramatization of Jane Austen's classic preserves so much of the original that you don't miss a few omitted characters. In its sly and bubbling way it shows up the husband-hunting mores of the nineteenth century as the mind-shriveling, spirit-warping thing that they were.

May Wine (St. James Theater). There isn't very much to say for this new musical drama. From beginning to end the fifteen scenes are well snowed under granulated sugar. The formula is simple: a dash of nobility, a bit of mystery and murder, a tumbler of bedroom love and a dropper full of Romberg music. The pretty girl at our side was wisely asleep at the close of the first act.

Winterset (Martin Beck Theater). Maxwell Anderson's poetic play studies the effect of the legal murder of a labor-agitator on the second generation. Though it deliberately turns aside from the true and unavoidable issues and turns heavenward on a trajectory of universalites, the picture it creates of corruption and wrecked humanity will not easily be forgotten. Beautifully staged and directed.

Haunch, Paunch and Jowl (Artef). A careful dramatization of Samuel Ornitz's novel, tracing the development of an East Side boy through gangsterism and shyster lawyerism to the high places.

Paradise Lost, by Clifford Odets (Longacre Theater). For people who think of the drama as a place for expressing the hopes, actions and truths of human beings. Theme: the impact of the depression on the middle classes. A rich and beautiful play. Magnificent performance by Carnovsky, Gordon and Kazan. Attendance required.

The Screen

"Frontier"

NO REVIEW of *Frontier* (Cameo) can hope to be more than a tentative summary. Even Pudovkin, probably the film's greatest critical faculty, when asked for his opinion of *Frontier,* replied, "It stirred me too deeply to permit cool professional judgment." It is the reviewer's unenviable task, however, to rush in where his superior's fear to tread. Let me begin at once by stating that *Frontier* is the most consummate and mature cinematic embodiment of the poetic impulse I've ever seen on the screen. If Alexander Dovjenko had no more than vaguely intimated that motion-pictures could on occasion display an evocative power equal to spoken and written poetry we would be grateful. But Dovjenko has done much more. In *Frontier* he has created a cinema-poem that ranks with the noblest works of the poetic mind.

When I use the term poetry I have in mind its formal significance also; not only poetic *intensity* but true poetic symbol and methodology. There have been films in which for an isolated moment the director bursts through the hard resisting shell of necessary exegesis to uncover essential truths, but no films save those of Dovjenko, *Arsenal, Soil* and *Ivan,* "present entirely, immediately and essentially what prose can only describe from the outside," to quote Archibald MacLeish's penetrating distinction between poetry and prose.

The tightly-meshed structure of *Frontier* supports three themes: first and most important, the building "of another great city on the shores of the ocean, another Vladivostok" (originally *Frontier* was titled *Air-City*); second, the struggle between encroaching imperialism and socialism; and last, the defeat of the kulaks by collectivization. All three themes are subtly combined in a plot of simple and pliant facture.

Four traitor Russians and two Samurai are making their way through the Siberian taiga. They carry dynamite with them to destroy the Soviet mines and collectives. Glushak, the "tiger's death," who symbolizes Soviet watchfulness, sets upon them and shoots down three of their number. Only one Russian, Shabanov, escapes while Glushak pursues the Samurai, finally overtaking and slaying one of them. The other he tracks to the hut of his friend, Vasil Khudiakov. Vasil assures him that there has been no one about. Convinced he must be mistaken, Glushak leaves. Vasil and the Samurai then join a village of kulaks who for seven years have been hiding in the forest, living among the wild beasts in preference to the sinful Bolshevik cities. As the Samurai, the imperialist, and Shabanov, who exemplifies the tragic bewilderment of the kulaks, are about to lead the villagers in a foray against the collectives, Glushak and his followers appear. The villagers are overcome; Vasil and the Samurai are taken prisoner. Glushak himself executes his dearest friend, Vasil, for having taken arms against the workers and murdered the Chinese partisan, Van-Lin. Glushak carries the body of Van-Lin to the plane of his son, Vladimir. The plane takes off and lofts into the air. Planes in increasing number, from

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Laporgie, from Ob, Leni, Yenisei, from Biro-Burey, from Sakhalin, Suchan, Stalingrad, join to form an air cavalcade. As the planes near the coast where the taiga tapers off to meet the ocean shore, thousands of parachutists leap from them. There they lay the foundation of Air-City.

This bare account of the plot does not even begin to hint at the nobly conceived and magnificently realized passages in the film that make *Frontier* unforgettable; Glushak's pursuit of the Samurai, which for cinematic excitement is matchless; the death of Khudiakov, who just before he is shot turns to the hills of the taiga and makes them ring with the echo of his three wild calls; by the remarkable party at which is celebrated the birth of a grandchild to Glushak; the partisans' leavetaking of their wives as they march against the enemy; the Samurai's ritual sword dance in the pale of the early morning and Dovjenko's profoundly sympathetic account of the hara-kiri; and that extraordinary episode relating the joyous and almost frenzied dash of the young Chuikcha from the uppermost north of Siberia to Air-City. Before we see him we already hear his song, at first indistinct and faint. As the song grows in volume and clarity the Chuikcha skiis into and beyond the frame. The song continues as he rushes along. The song continues as the seasons change, as the flora of the lower latitudes changes. We see him leaping over hills, wading through streams. Once he pauses to follow the path of an aeroplane overhead. He promises himself that someday he too will fly. Then his song breaks out again. He finally arrives at Air-City on the day of its founding. He is amazed to find nothing there. "For eighty suns I ran to get here to be among the first to study and I find nothing. But I understand. I will help build Air-City and they will come to learn here, as many as the trees in the forest."

The endless taiga, teeming with forest life, is matched by the richness of *Frontier* itself. The daring of its tonal conception and rhetoric recalls to mind the "high astounding terms" of Marlowe. Its characters are humanly understandable, and at the same ti the exalted symbols of the poet's intentio Somewhere Marx speaks of the power that a work of art has to develop and actually add to the senses of man. *Frontier* is that kind of work. It is not a film that one sits back and views complacently with but half an eye and no mind. It is a film that demands absolute and even strained participation, but afterward we feel rewarded by a fuller capacity to view and understand life in its wholeness. ROBERT STEBBINS.

Between Ourselves

A DISGUISED, but nevertheless vicious blow, against THE NEW MASSES, The New Theater, The Daily Worker, The Nation, The New Republic and all left-wing and liberal publications has been struck by the City Council of Chicago. Amending the regulations governing the erection and maintenance of newspaper stands, the Council, with but two dissenting votes, passed a buried "rider" to the ordinance which reads:

> Nothing shall be exhibited, offered or sold therefrom except daily newspapers printed and published in Chicago.

The ordinance was passed November 26, to become effective February 26. One of the councilmen plainly stated it was directed against the sale of "such magazines" as The Nation. It is the purpose of the council to carry out the ordinance in such a discriminatory way that violations involving the Hearst publications and similar bourgeois magazines and newspapers will be connived at, while the ordinance is to be rigidly enforced against all left-wing, all anti-fascist, all liberal publications. THE NEW MASSES and its distribution agency, Central Distribution Agency (which handles thirty-odd left-wing publications), have instructed a firm of Chicago lawyers to fight against this ordinance. THE NEW MASSES also calls upon its readers to bring pressure to bear, through protests, upon the Mayor of Chicago and the City Council, immediately to rescind this ordinance.

Readers who recall the five *Songs About Lenin,* translations from Central Asian contemporary folk poetry (THE NEW MASSES, *Jan. 22, 1935*), will be interested in hearing that the "Kalabadam Song" has inspired a revolutionary dance. Sophie Maslow performed her interpretation of "In April Lenin was born, in January he died," at the Dec. 22 solo recital of the New Dance League in New York.

The drawings on pages 16-17 in this issue are from the *The Ruling Clawss,* a collection of cartoons by A. Redfield with an introduction by Robert Forsythe. The book is published by The Daily Worker.

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